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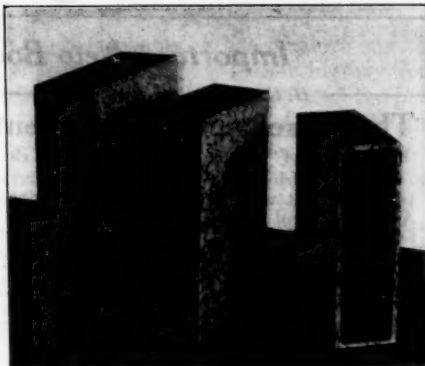
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## THE BEST SHORT STORIES.

It would probably be too much to say that the short story is the peculiar literary form of the present day. It has displaced the poem and to some extent the play, but still the Jugernaut of the novel rolls on even over it. And in many a past epoch it has been as extensively cultivated, and as highly wrought, as now. The Rhapsodists were Greek storytellers who published their works orally. The Arabian story-teller has been a feature of Eastern life in all ages. The Mabinogion were Welsh stories told to the children of the chiefs by the winter fireside. The Icelandic Sagas answered the same purpose. In Italy when the Novelli were in bloom they threatened for a time to displace all other literature. And the golden age of even the modern short story must perhaps be placed some time back, when the German Romantic writers and Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe made new records in the art.

The rank of the larger works of literature of the past is pretty well fixed. Until recently, however, short stories have hardly been given any rank at all; and though the world knows very well which of them it likes best, there is considerable difference of critical opinion in the matter. It may be worth while, therefore, to offer a judgment and argument as to what are the best dozen or so in existence.

Before we bring our candidates on for judgment, we must have some rules for guidance in crowning them. In the first place, then, we think the short story should be unitary. Character, its development and its oppositions, the form hardly has room for. It is not so much who acts, as what happened, that is important. Theme, incident, and setting are therefore the prime requisites. In the second place, the great short story should have a certain universality. It should be capable of general acceptance,—it should not be stopped at the frontier of any country as alien or hostile. In the third place, it ought to have as much originality as anything human can possess. It ought to do something for the first time, or it ought to do something better than it ever has been done before. It ought to be

a sort of key, opening a door to new vistas of the mind.

Antiquity has transmitted to us few, if any, good short stories. The materials for them existed in abundance, and doubtless many were written; but if so, they have perished. The Lost Tales of Miletus are a tradition, and only the gist of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus has come down to us. Lucian comes nearest of any of the ancients to being a short story writer; but most of his works are in dialogue, so they do not count for our purpose. And when we reach Æsop we get into another form,—as we do in the Indian fables of Pilpay. The Scandinavian, Irish, and Welsh legends are magnificent literature; but from none of them does the short story, as we conceive it to-day, emerge.

It is not until we reach "The Arabian Nights" that we find the type fixed for all time, and stories produced which have never been surpassed. The book indeed contains the germs, at least, of all possible kinds of short stories, and its influence has been prodigious. Without stretching conscience much, we could almost fill our list of the world's twelve most famous short stories from this book alone. But we must save some honors for the moderns, and besides there are reasons which rule many of the Arabian tales out. We think, then, that "Aladdin," "The Sleeper Awakened," and "Ali Baba" fulfil the three requisites we have named. They are closely wrought in incident and scene; they have been accepted all over the world, and have furnished proverbial words or phrases; and they have been imitated and reproduced in many forms. "Sindbad the Sailor" and "The Barber and his Six Brothers" are equally great, but they are groups of tales rather than single pieces. "Prince Camaralzaman and Princess Badoura" opens magnificently, but it dies away into Eastern extravagance. The same is true of "Cambrusean and his Horse of Brass." There are many other pieces in the collection that are immortal. One in particular probably gave Poe the basis on which he founded the throne of that detective dynasty which seems to rule modern literature. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of "The Arabian Nights" in the history of the short story.

The next great collection is that of Boccaccio. As a monument and the mould of Italian

prose it is of course most important. And as the work of a single man, it displays great variety and originality. Yet many of the pieces are not stories at all, but merely briefly told incidents. A good many more are after-dinner yarns,—only in this case, told before the ladies have withdrawn. "Theodore and Honoria," "Cymon and Iphigenia," and "Isabella" are magnificent narratives, but they have rather been wrested from Boccaccio by Dryden and Keats. All in all, we can select only one story—"Federigo and his Falcon"; but in revenge it strikes the highest and purest note of any piece on our list.

Germany is a perfect jungle of Märchen, or short stories. But we are hunting for what may be called world tales, and we confess we can think of but few in German literature. Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl" is one. And we must have "Undine," also, though it is rather too long to come under the *genre* we are considering; but it fulfils all our requirements, and its vogue makes it indispensable. The popular legend of "The Flying Dutchman" ought to be on our list too; but we are acquainted with no prose recension of it except that of Heine's, which hardly comes up to the mark. Baron Munchausen is a type, but the stories he tells are either too brief or are imitations of older work. Altogether, the German contingent brings our accepted masterpieces to six.

The French short story writers have everything the Germans lack—perfect form, wit, point, charm. Yet ranging among them, from Cyrano de Bergerac down through Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Musset, Balzac, Gautier, Mérimée, Maupassant, it is rather difficult to find a story which is at once perfect, profoundly original, and winged for world-wide circulation. Musset's "White Blackbird" is charming and significant; and Mérimée's "Carmen," in one shape or another, has made the voyage of the world. But we hardly think that either of them is universal enough. Though "Paul and Virginia," like "Undine," transcends the short story form, it is the only tale we can conscientiously include in our list. A few years ago Maupassant was considered the last cry in short story *genre*. He has great merits, it is true, but his pieces are more like epigrams than stories. And we doubt very much whether they have yet sunk, or will ever sink, deeply into the world's mind.

The prose short story was a long time getting itself domiciled and growing to greatness in England. The essayists, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, have hints and adumbrations of it; but what they produced were sketches of character, vignettes of adventure. Dr. Johnson, in "Rasselas," was perhaps the first who did what comes near to being the real thing. That piece, however, is too long, too heavy, and too full of moralizing to answer our purpose. Sir Walter Scott's "Wandering Willie's Tale" fulfils all our requisites; though perhaps because it is embedded in a novel, it has not had all the fame it deserves. Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" would satisfy us, too,—only she did not know how to construct or when to stop. She furnished a proverbial figure for the world, but the story itself is hardly readable. De Quincey had all the art and accomplishment of a first rate short story writer, and he taught the business to others. Nearly all his great successors have felt his influence. But for one reason or another, nothing of his own is in the running. "The Spanish Nun" and "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe" have immense verve and interest, but they are historical pieces. The two papers on "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts" almost form a short story; but, after all, they are essays. Bulwer's "The Haunted and the Haunters" is perhaps the best ghost story ever written, but it is too lacking in humanity ever to be seriously considered for our laurelled company. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Meredith,—has any one of these been more successful in this regard? We doubt it. It is not until we come to Stevenson that we get any real competitor for place. There are half a score of Stevenson's stories so equally good that it is difficult to choose between them. None of them, however, has quite the universality we should desire; but we will take "A Lodging for the Night" as the nearest to our standard.

For some reason or other, America has been the modern home of the short story. That form has seemed to suit both the talents of our writers and the tether of our public's patience. Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" is as famous as a story can be; it is known everywhere. There are many other of Irving's pieces which are only a little less excellent; and we wonder that some publisher does not issue a single-volume collection of a score or so of them.

Such a collection would be a revelation to modern readers. Poe took the crown of the short story from his own head and placed it on Hawthorne's; and the latter has an immense, though we believe a rather fading and ineffectual, fame in this art. With the best will in the world, we cannot yet accept any one of Hawthorne's short stories for our final few. Perfection of execution they have, and a kind of originality. But they have been stopped at the frontiers of other countries, and they have not much influenced succeeding writers. Poe is in himself a rival for all the host of authors of "The Arabian Nights." His influence on the short story has been paramount and overwhelming. We should select from him "The Gold Bug," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Fall of the House of Usher,"—not because these are the best things in his prose, but because they are his best short stories, and because they have led the whole world to follow and imitate them. Instead of the twelve stories we set out to find, we now have a baker's dozen. Yet we must add one more, for Bret Harte was really the precursor of the best English short story writers of recent times. If Stevenson is to have a place, then the American cannot be neglected. Any one of a half dozen of Bret Harte's stories will do, but perhaps in "The Luck of Roaring Camp" the new view he opened and his universality are most apparent.

As we have intimated above, we think that there have been more great American short story writers, and more of a calibre only less than the greatest, than in any other country. Away back in the dawn of our literature there is "The Story of Peter Rugg,"—a good variant on the "Flying Dutchman" theme. Fitz-James O'Brien wrote two or three stories of great merit. Colonel Higginson's "Monarch of Dreams" is a superb piece of writing, and Edward Everett Hale's "Man without a Country" makes plain sober fact of impossible fiction. Thomas Bailey Aldrich invented a plot of surprise, and his stories are full of grace and charm. No one has ever been more oddly original than Frank Stockton. Recently "O. Henry" wrought out the unexpected with a terseness which the French might envy. There are others who have done lasting work; and we believe, as we have said before, that our achievement in this field surpasses anything that other nations can show.



Of course it must be understood that all the hypercriticism in the foregoing paragraphs is merely an attempt to get at the essential types of the short story. Innumerable pieces that we have passed by are good and more than good. And of course we do not attempt to sit in judgment on living masters of the art.

Going over our selections, we find that four among them, "Aladdin," "Peter Schlemihl," "Undine," and "Wandering Willie's Tale," deal with the supernatural. Two others, "Ali Baba" and "Rip Van Winkle," have to do with the marvellous which hardly amounts to the supernatural. "The Sleeper Awakened" is a tale of pure humor and human nature. "Federigo and his Falcon," and "Paul and Virginia" are stories of young love and devotion. "The Gold Bug" is the exemplar of all possible treasure stories; as "A Lodging for the Night" is of the nomad and vagabond species. "The Fall of the House of Usher" gives us intellect dominant and in ruin, with nature sympathizing with it. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is a good specimen of primitive and adventurous life. And lastly, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" launched the detective into literature, with all the interesting or horrible consequence of that debut. We think this fairly covers, and in good proportion, the main strands suitable for short story weaving. That there will be in the future any wide departure from these themes seems to us unlikely, though of course minor threads of the web of life may be taken up and developed. One thing is noticeable about our elect,—none of them is extremely short. The great masters have refused to turn their stories into Dodonian oracles.

What is the place of the short story in literature? The very qualities we claimed for it in starting preclude it from the first rank. In a form where there is not room enough to swing a cat, there cannot be equality with the great dramas, epics, or novels. In a form where character is secondary, great action, passion, thought can hardly be developed. Design and plot, too, must be curtailed, though perhaps these gain as much as they lose by condensation. What is left to the short story is uniqueness. It is really a prose poem, and must take its place with the short verse narratives and ballads. It can hardly have the literary value of these; but it can be, and is more popular. CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

### CASUAL COMMENT.

EDITORIAL INITIATIVE, as opposed to editorial subservency to a real or supposed popular demand for unwholesome reading matter, is conspicuous in comparatively few of our daily and other periodical publications. All the more cheering, therefore, is it to find certain strong and wise utterances on the subject by journalists and writers of principle and purpose, in a "Symposium" constituting one of the chapters of "The Coming Newspaper," a book noticed more in detail on another page. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon feels convinced that "the daily paper, the magazine, and every other periodical, have just as much of a duty to give the people the thing they need instead of what they want, as the minister has to give his people what they need instead of what they want." Of course, as it may be worth while to say in passing, what the people "want" is really, in the etymological sense of the word, nothing else than what they "need," though they do not know it. What they sometimes foolishly wish and clamor for, is another thing. But even this unwise longing may be less spontaneous, less unfostered from without, than is commonly assumed. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, recognizing that "the newspaper—certain newspapers at least—is largely responsible for the public's low taste," continues, significantly: "It would be well worth your while, if you are not familiar with the journals of 1850 to 1865, to hunt up some bound volumes of the New York 'Tribune' and 'Herald' and the Springfield 'Republican,' and other newspapers of the time, and study them; and you will be surprised what fine newspapers they were, what fine standards they had, how intelligent was the comment. Editorially, they were, of course, superior to the bulk of the newspapers today. They were clean; there were no large headlines. They were as efficient as we are in the way of giving the news and giving it accurately. I don't think that we can plume ourselves over that generation of editors, for all our modern facilities." Assuredly there were editorial giants in those days, but there is no reason to believe that the secret of good editorship was buried with them.

...

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY have not yet become minutely familiar with each other's ways. Fears are still felt in some quarters lest existing library laws and usage and precedent may fail to chime harmoniously with the new order of procedure introduced into municipal affairs



by the recent form of city government known as government by commission. Thus far no disastrous conflict of interests has come to general notice, but all the possibilities of the situation have doubtless not yet been exhausted. Meanwhile it is cheering to note in at least one commission-governed city—Birmingham, Alabama—a cordial cooperation between commissioners and library officials. A late number of "The Birmingham Magazine," a creditable publication such as one may look for in vain in hundreds of larger cities, contains an article of some length on "Social Service Work of the City Commission," written by President George B. Ward, of the Birmingham Board of Commissioners, and replete with evidence that the schools, the library, the parks, playgrounds, welfare and health departments of various sorts under the city's control are objects of more than perfunctory attention from the administrative authorities. Especially noticeable is the interest taken in the development of the public library, which has a history of only five years to look back upon, but already makes a showing that compares favorably with the well-known useful activity of Atlanta's similar institution, though the latter is more than three times as old; and this record of Birmingham's progress in the popularization of good literature synchronizes with the history of commission government in that city, as is pointed out with justifiable pride in the following words: "When the Commission came into office the Birmingham Public Library was an organization kept up by paid subscriptions and reaching but a limited number. To-day, as a free public library, it is the epitome of service and efficiency under the splendid management of Mr. Carl H. Milan." Difficult would it be to find any municipal chief magistrate under the old order of things expressing himself with such intelligence, zeal, and public spirit of the best sort, on the social welfare work of his city, as one notes in Mr. Ward's utterance.

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THE MISSION OF MIRTH in literature is no unimportant, no undignified one; and the rôle of the proverbial jester who purveys fun and cheerfulness to all the world while his own heart may be breaking is of a heroism and a pathos not always recognized. The late Charles Battell Loomis, writing books of amusement and touring the country as a professional humorist, was all the time slowly dying of an incurable malady and fully conscious of the hopelessness of his condition. A younger contemporary of his, George Fitch,

widely known for his syndicated "Vest-Pocket Essays" that have long enlivened a host of newspaper readers, went to California in quest of health, and his death was announced on the very day his readers were enjoying his jest at the identical disease that prematurely cut him off. George Heleghon Fitch, not to be confused with Mr. George Hamlin Fitch of the San Francisco "Chronicle," was born at Galva, Illinois, June 5, 1877; was graduated from Knox College in 1897; entered upon journalism, and began to win more than local fame about ten years ago with his witty "Transcripts" in the Peoria "Transcript," of which he had become managing editor. Four years ago he severed this connection and devoted himself to less ephemeral literary work. In addition to his "Vest-Pocket Essays," of which a collection was published last year under the title, "Sizing up Uncle Sam," he wrote "The Big Strike at Siwash," "At Good Old Siwash," "My Demon Motor Boat," and "Homeburg Memories." He died on the ninth of August. On the very same day, or the next (there are conflicting reports), there died another contributor to the sum of human cheerfulness, Charles Heber Clark, or "Max Adeler," as he chose to call himself when writing in lighter vein. Known in Philadelphia and beyond as a manufacturer and a writer of repute on economics, the tariff, and kindred themes, he also produced books whose purpose was to entertain and amuse. "Out of the Hurly-Burly" is a collection of stories widely popular and so heartily enjoyed, it is said, by the Emperor of Austria that he sent the author a gold medal. "Elbow Room" is another volume of the same nature. "Captain Bluit," "In Happy Hollow," "The Quakeress," and "By the Bend of the River" represent his more sustained efforts in fictitious narrative, but are touched with the same geniality that had early marked him as a very enjoyable humorist. He was born at Berlin, Maryland, July 11, 1841, and died at Eaglesmere, Pennsylvania, at the age of seventy-four.

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RUSSIA'S DEARTH OF BOOKS AND LIBRARIES appears so great, to one viewing the vast empire as a whole, that it might not be far from the truth to call Russia a bookless nation. Until the late prohibition of the sale of vodka (except in the Caucasus and central Asia, where the government does not control this sale) the sole distraction from the tedium of a hard existence had been found in drink, with the great mass of the common people. But with the discontinuance of that sale,

which dates from the outbreak of the present war, though the causal connection between the two is much less close than is commonly assumed, there has been a natural longing for spare-hour amusement or occupation, a longing that will eventually, it is hoped, find a worthier gratification than was formerly furnished by the ubiquitous dramshop. Money, too, as well as time, is now increasingly at the peasant's disposal, thanks to the new order of things. Mr. Stephen Graham, who knows the country as few but the Russians themselves know it, writes on "Prohibition in Russia" in "The World's Work," and predicts a remarkable growth of culture among the people as soon as peace is restored. He says: "After the war there must flow from the great cities of the West of Russia books, papers, dress materials, musical instruments, pictures, guns [the last-named might be dispensed with]. And more schools must be established, more concert halls, lecture halls. There will be more schooling, reading, music, hunting. If the policy of the Russian Government with regard to drink remains unchanged for the next ten years, it is safe to predict a most extraordinary contrast between the condition of the country now and the condition as it must be then." The probability of this continuance is asserted, and to the Czar is ascribed the credit thereof. Surely here is virgin soil for the labors of library extensionists and other promoters of popular culture.

...

THE RESTORATION OF FRUITLANDS by Miss Clara Endicott Sears, of Boston, whose account of the eccentric Fruitlanders and their "Consociate Family" is one of the notable books of the season, is cause for congratulation. Miss Sears bought the property two years ago. It adjoins her summer place at Harvard (the town, not the university), and her intelligent zeal and generous expenditure of money have put the old house back into its condition of sixty-two years ago, when Alcott and his little band of visionary reformers took up their residence there. As far as possible, the original furniture has been reinstated, and to-day Miss Sears feels justified in saying: "The house is now exactly as it was in 1843. The foundations of the chimneys were intact so that I was able to rebuild them as they were. The paint had entirely disappeared with time, but under the eaves there remained patches of red, and I was able to give it again the old ochre-red color which it had worn in the early days. The old granary has been turned into a home for the care-taker, but the structure was not

changed." She adds that the building was a pathetic object indeed when she took it in hand, dilapidated and empty except for a few old odds and ends in the garret; but its present refurbishing she asserts to be "authentic in every way," with the community bean-pot recovered, and Joseph Palmer's oxskin money-bag, Charles Lane's cowhide trunk, Mrs. Alcott's Paisley shawl, letters of Louisa Alcott, and Mr. Alcott's spectacles, in addition to the furniture of the several rooms. Fruitlands is now open to visitors three days in the week—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—during the summer. Miss Sears deserves the gratitude of her own generation and of posterity for her rescue of this object of historic and literary interest.

...

THE LAST MEMBER OF AN OLD PUBLISHING FIRM, John Wesley Harper, died at Biddeford Pool on the fourteenth of August, at the age of eighty-four. Had he lived a year and seven months longer he could have joined in celebrating the centennial of the House of Harper, to the second generation of which he belonged, being the son of John Harper of the original J. & J. Harper, established in March, 1817. Graduated from Columbia College in 1852, at the head of his class, he chose medicine as his profession, and went abroad to study and to discover that he had no vocation for the healing art; so he returned, entered the paternal business house, and became a member of the firm in 1869, with Philip J. A. Harper, Joseph W. Harper, Jr., Fletcher Harper, Jr., and Joseph Abner Harper. The style, "Harper & Brothers," had been adopted in 1833, and the business increased so rapidly that when the subject of this sketch assumed the presidency of the firm in 1897 there was said to be no publishing house equal to it in the extent of its dealings. With the reorganization that was made necessary by financial embarrassments fifteen years ago, Mr. Harper retired from business; and though there still continue to be Harpers in sufficient number at the famous Franklin Square establishment, the older stock has lost its last representative. For a full and entertaining history of those earlier publishers the reader is referred to "The House of Harper," by Mr. J. Henry Harper, published a few years ago.

...

PURGING A LANGUAGE BY FIRE is the process that may be said to have been begun with the German tongue when the fatherland drew its sword against the non-Teutonic world. English, French, Russian, and Italian words or derivatives are now an abomination in Ber-

lin, and the resources of the native speech are being strained to supply home-made equivalents for these foreign terms. A former English Lecturer at the Karlsruhe *Hochschule* writes of "The Wor and the Werld Langwij" in "The Pioneer ov Simplified Speling," predicting an increase in the cosmopolitan use of English when peace is restored, and a stricter confinement of German to the land of its origin. Transposing the spelling of the article in question, let us quote a few sentences. The writer believes that "one result of the victory of the Allies is that Germany will continue the process of elimination of foreign words which they began on the outbreak of the War. During the six weeks I was in Karlsruhe after the War began, this movement to replace French and English words by native German equivalents had begun. The 'Café Piccadilly' had become 'Gasthaus zum Vaterland.' A 'beefsteak' had been christened a 'Rindstück'. . . The French 'sauce' has become a 'Tunke.'" And so on. With English already spoken by 130,000,000 persons (the writer's figures, and they are not excessive), and German hopelessly out of the running, while not even French ("the patois of Europe," as Walter Bagehot called it) can vie with English in extent of its use, there is surely some reason to expect an increasing employment of our tongue as a world-speech—unless the Esperantists carry the day, which is not at present likely, or unless, after all, we non-Tentons should have the speech of General von Bernhardt rammed down our throats with German sabres, which is also not among the probabilities.

. . .

FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH, written by himself at the age of twenty-two, an age when this sort of literary exercise has a purely academic interest which it loses in later life, has for a dozen years been accessible to the curious in such things, in the valuable autograph collection of the Library of Congress, for which it was acquired from the government archives, which at an earlier date had secured it from the papers of William Temple Franklin. But it now appears that this cherished autograph is a revision (by the author and in his handwriting, it is true) of the original inspiration, which has lately been brought to light in the Aspinwall papers and secured, through a Boston dealer, by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of the city in which it was written. These papers, once the property of Colonel Thomas L. Aspinwall, in his time a noted collector of Americana, must contain a multitude of almost priceless items; but probably few would so excite the

desires of the covetous as this bit of scribbling from Franklin's pen. In its unrevised form it runs as follows: "The body of B. Franklin, printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stript of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms. But the work shall not be wholly lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more, in a new and more perfect edition, corrected and amended by the Author." Then is added the date of birth, with so much of the date of death ("17—") as could at that time be conjectured with reasonable certainty. Division into lines, with capitalization, has here been disregarded. In the revised copy the logical Franklin, reasoning that "perfect" admits of no degrees of comparison, substituted "elegant," and he also enclosed in parentheses his likening of the lifeless body to the outside of an old book. Other minor changes also appear.

. . .

A BYRONIC DISCOVERY, or what the discoverer believed to be such, forms the subject of the opening article in "The English Review" for August. The late Bertram Dobell, some years ago, came into possession of a small pamphlet entitled "A Farrago Libelli: A Poem, Chiefly Imitated from the First Satire of Juvenal." It was "printed for Mr. Hatchard, 1806," and, according to a note at the foot of the first page, "written at Twickenham, 1805." Mr. Dobell held his copy to be unique, and believed the piece to have been suppressed by its author immediately upon its appearance. The poem itself, running to three hundred and forty lines, and Mr. Dobell's critical commentary, fill twenty-four pages of the above-named magazine. A general resemblance in style to "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" is manifest in the satire, and many special points of resemblance the commentator thought he had detected and took pains to place before his readers. Not entirely convincing is the able argument, either in general or in detail, though there appears no good reason why Byron, even though but nineteen years old at the time, might not have written the fluent verses (in the familiar decasyllabic metre of "English Bards") composing the "Farrago." Yet it is not a production of sufficient merit and distinction to bring any access to Byron's fame, should he finally be accounted the author.

. . .

ART IN THE LIBRARY, in the form of paintings, engravings, statuary, rare bindings, furniture of tasteful design, and in the entire architecture, external and internal, of the



library building, takes a place that need be second only to that of literature. The ways of popularizing art through the public library are many, and those who would learn something about their number and variety should read Miss Mary McEachin Powell's "Making Art Popular through the Library," an account of this kind of work in the St. Louis Public Library, by the head of the department. In ten chapters or sections, filling a pamphlet of fifty pages, Miss McEachin describes the development and success of her branch of the library. Among other interesting details, we read that every month two paintings from the City Art Museum, selected by the Director of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, are displayed in the Children's Room; and once a week the Director himself comes and gives a talk on these paintings to children of the fifth and sixth grades, and to those of the higher grades, alternately. Forty or fifty young listeners, with several teachers, comprise each of these groups, and an effort is made to secure constant attendance and thus render the course progressive. Informality on the lecturer's part encourages participation on that of the children in the discussions, and it is reported that the audience shows intense interest and carries away vivid and lasting impressions. Pupils of the above-named art school have contributed many pleasing and some striking illustrations to Miss McEachin's pamphlet, which contains a greater variety of readable and instructive matter than can here be indicated.

...

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF SIMPLIFIED SPELLERS offers food for reflection, whether or not the reflector is able to arrive at any general law governing the outbreak and spread of the peculiar mania to which these persons are victims. In the current number of the "Simplified Spelling Bulletin" is a list of universities and colleges and normal schools, grouped by states, that have given their sanction to simplified spelling; and the briefest glance at the table shows the middle West to be the stronghold of the cult, with surprisingly few adherents in the East and in the far West. The South, too, seems either prudently conservative in the matter or apathetic. In New England only three institutions, including a normal school in Vermont, appear on the list; and outside of New England there are but two other Atlantic states (New York and Pennsylvania) in which opposition to the accepted orthography has developed any strength. West of the Mississippi basin only Colorado and Oregon

are named, each represented by a single college. "Simplified Spelling in the Pres," an article in the same journal, presents a similar tabulation in respect to newspaper and periodical adoption of the new forms; and here, too, the zeal of the interior contrasts with the paucity of interest on both coasts, except that California (unrepresented in the former list) reports one perverted newspaper, and Wyoming nine, including two student publications. Here, then, we have a sort of meeting of extremes—East and West agreeing to retain the old spelling, and the central region showing more desire for a change. Does this geographical arrangement, after an analogy that will occur to the reader, imply that the subverters of the present order have the strategic advantage?

...

AN INCENTIVE TO ITALIAN PATRIOTISM takes the form of a popular paper-covered edition, in the language of Dante and Petrarch, of that famous American masterpiece of more than half a century ago, "The Man without a Country." The compatriots of Garibaldi are of just the sort to be fired by such a tale from the pen of one whom the translator in his preface calls the greatest American of his time. A writer in "The Christian Register" relates that he once asked Dr. Hale whether he himself really felt his wonderful story as deeply as he made the reader feel it. So prompt and emphatic was the affirmative answer as to leave no further doubt in the questioner's mind. This kind of feeling, with all that it too often implies of international antagonism, is perhaps not in great need of strengthening just at present in any European country, however glad we may be to see the fame of Dr. Hale and his best-known work of literature widen its bounds.

...

IN SOMNOLENT NIPPON, according to Mrs. Yosano, one of the "new women" of Japan, there is still a sad need of the awakening call of literature to dispel the slumberous vacuity into which the natives, unless actively employed, are ever prone to fall. She writes in a late issue of "Taiyo," as quoted (in English not always quite orthodox): "The Japanese, men and women, are often seen dozing off their ride on public vehicles, to wit the train, the tram, the stage coach, etc. There may be some excuse for this in the afternoons of the long-day season. But they do it when days are short, and in the morning at that. The Europeans in transit are always reading something and never look tired. The difference is striking." And further: "The



Japanese in general are given to sleeping in daytime. The students fall asleep in the class room, the Ministers of State and Representatives of people go off dozing in the Diet, preachings and public speeches send the audience to dreamland. A majority of Japanese people are always tired—they seem to be suffering from nervous debility." Few writers, whether native or foreign, have more severely censured the Japanese for superficiality, imitation, easy content with the present and what it offers, than does this representative of that far-eastern nation. Her advice, which may not be the easiest possible to follow, is that the Japanese should adopt a more invigorating diet, eat more meat, and thus brace themselves for a more energetic assault upon life's problems, both material and spiritual.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### A PLEA FOR ALLEGORY. (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It may be said without exaggeration that what is known as cultivated taste,—that is, the taste of readers who in the main enjoy the educational advantages of wealth or good breeding,—turns from Allegory with a feeling akin to nausea. So keenly do the editors of our magazines realize the intensity of this aversion that a manuscript carrying about it the slightest scent of allegory is rejected immediately. With the spirit of a rambler who finds a pensive pleasure in the deserted fields of literature, let us look into this matter a little. There may be some profit in the task, too; for no one can visit a prehistoric mound, or even a grassy depression in a pasture once the cellar of a long since vanished cabin (and is not mind and vacant cellar allegory's metaphorical kindred by a common fate?) without some creative stir in the mind.

That pure allegory was a natural growth in the field of literature is as well established as that the wild plum and the wild rose blossomed everywhere in the primeval forests of our country. What then? Well, we know why the wild plum has disappeared; and it is for a like reason that the allegory has gone. The plum's life was possible only in the shadows of those mighty woods, with their deep and rarely broken silence. But now the pioneer's axe rings, the big trees fall, sunlight floods in, and the wild plum dies. So with allegory: when the primeval forests of the mind, so to speak, were cleared off, pure allegory could not stand the sunlight of obviousness and gave up the ghost. White, sweet, and modest was the wild plum's bloom,—and it has its analogue in style, for style is the flowering of literature; sweet and modest was allegory's bloom, too, and rich and important was its fruit. For who can measure the value of newly awakened and spontaneous ideas in virgin

mental soil, or the refining and strengthening and exalting influence of imagination taking flight?

But above all and more than all, how many who are now dust, heirs to adversity and sorrow, had their toiling and obscure lives cheered by the sight of the Delectable Mountains, and by hearing the harps and trumpets which greeted poor Pilgrim—the nearest brother to the average man that pen has ever produced—at the end of his long journey! May we not, then, visit this ancient mound in the deserted field of literature with profit, loiter around it for a while, and from time to time hear voices out of the past proclaiming what a part allegory played in the lives of thousands whose clay is now blended with the common earth? Surely it does the soul good to be a listener when the past speaks.

And finally, to pursue the figure another step, let us mount to the top. Lo! off to the east where literature's dawn first flushed, what star is that we see amid a glowing constellation of Prophets and Seers? It is David with his harp, singing pure allegory in the eightieth psalm. Nearer in Poetry's garden and in our own tongue, Spenser's Faerie Queene is singing pure allegory to the rapt enjoyment of the lords and ladies of England; and along green hedgerows and among the poor and lowly, John Bunyan is singing the Pilgrim's Progress toward the Celestial City. Was there nausea then? No; for then the primeval forests of the mind were still shadowing the elementary and natural feelings of man's nature; and warmed by the poet's high-beating heart, they gathered and bloomed into allegory, just as the wild plum and the wild rose's elements, feeling the warmth of nature's heart, burst into bloom.

And are those elements out of which they spring still in the soil of the mind? Yes, I think there is abundant evidence that they are still there. Take Shelley's ode "To a Skylark," which is certainly not nauseous, at least up to this date in our march toward utter fastidiousness,—does it not open with allegory? Or take that first stanza of "In State" by Foreythe Wilson, overswarming in my judgment all other poems of the Civil War period, not excepting Lowell's banner-waving and patriotic rhetoric, with its well-burnished and glistening commonplace. Here we certainly have allegory,—

"O Keeper of the sacred Key,  
And the Great Seal of Destiny,  
Whose eye is the blue canopy,  
Look down upon the warring world, and tell  
us what the end will be."

To sum it all up, go where you will in the fields of living prose and poetry, and you will find it; not blooming exactly in the old obvious way, but in profound unselfconsciousness. Allegory, then, like every creation of the mind, must bring writer and reader into a state of perfect unselfconsciousness,—that state of mind which Spenser's and Bunyan's readers were in.

Dreary, machine-made, and wooden in its gait is the most of our current prose. If the editors of our magazines would encourage natural expression and natural gait, sooner or later cultivated taste would find itself unselfconscious; and lost in the

presence of sincerity and beautified truth, the pages of their magazines might be what Spenser's and Bunyan's pages were to their readers,—glowing inspiration.

MORRIS SCHAFF.

Boston, Mass., August 24, 1915.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY AND WILLIAM BLAKE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Of William Vaughn Moody's Idea of God, Professor Manly says (Introduction to "Poems and Poetic Dramas of William Vaughn Moody," p. XLII.): "It was not a formal philosophical conception, but a poetical vision incorporating the most diverse elements of culture." We believe that no one has yet pointed out that the writings of William Blake were one element of that culture. "God figures ambiguously in Moody's poetry," continues Mr. Manly; "sometimes as the Puritan God, whom he does not love and in whom he does not believe; sometimes as the no less anthropomorphic God from whom he cannot keep his fellowship and love."

Now Blake had two Gods also,—the "God of this World," corresponding to Moody's Puritan God, and the Supreme God, whose anthropomorphic nature he set forth in his painting, his lyrics, and his Prophetical Books.

Moody was no such heretic as Blake, yet in his "Masque of Judgment" he "spoke out in meeting,"—to quote his own words in a letter to Professor Schevill, June 8, 1897. To Mrs. Toy again (Dec. 12, 1900) he writes that the poem is "a plea for passion as a means of salvation everywhere latent." The mythological machinery, he says, "symbolizes the opposed doctrine—that of the denial of life. As Christianity (contrary to the wish and meaning of its founder) has historically linked itself with this doctrine, I included certain aspects of it in this mythological apparatus—always with a semi-satirical intention." Moody's satire and passion here correspond to Blake's war on historical Christianity, and his exaltation of Imagination. Of course they do not include Blake's Everlasting Gospel of Jesus, with its theory of constant and willing forgiveness of all Sin and its identification of Christ and Man with God.

Moody, on the contrary, accepted good and evil in the world, as Blake did; but he did not recommend evil-doing as the first law of Salvation. He wished good and evil to contend with one another, that good might be exercised, and triumph. In Act V. of the "Masque of Judgment" Uriel tells Raphael that God "loved not life entirely, good and ill"; adding, "when evil dies, as soon good languishes"; whereupon Raphael, the friend of Man, exclaims:

"Would he had spared  
That dark Antagonist whose enmity  
Gave Him rejoicing sinews, for of Him,  
His foe was flesh of flesh and bone of bone,  
With suicidal hand He smote him down,  
And now, indeed, His lethal pangs begin."

In "The Brute," again, the evil that lurks in modern machinery and Efficiency is overpowered in the end by good and serves it. There is no senti-

mental denial of evil here; nor is there in Blake. But Moody calls on the good to contend with evil; Blake bids the good embrace evil, that Christ may forgive.

Reminiscent of Blake's childhood, when "God put his face to the window" (Moody and Lovett's "History of English Literature," p. 265) are Moody's lines in "Jetsam":

"Once at a simple turning of the way  
I met God walking."

A passage in Act II. of the mystical drama, "The Faith Healer," moreover, recalls Blake's pre-creation visions. Michaelis says to Rhoda: "Before creation, beyond time, God not yet risen from his sleep, you stand and call to me, and I listen in a dream that I dreamed before Eden." Finally, Moody's "Death of Eve: A Fragment" probably owes a suggestion to Blake's "Ghost of Abel."

Moody writes with enthusiasm of Blake in his "History of English Literature" (pp. 265-6); mentions him in his "Letters" (autumn, 1895); and refers to him in his edition of Milton (pp. 100-101). "Outwardly Blake led a regular, quiet, laborious life," he says in the first, "all the while pouring out poems, drawings, and vast 'prophetic' books, full of shadowy mythologies and mystical thought-systems, which show that his inward life was one of perhaps unparalleled excitement and adventure. . . In him the whole transcendental side of the Romantic movement was expressed by hint and implication, though not by accomplishment." "Four-fifths of William Blake would not be accepted for publication by the *Harvard Adocate*," he observes in a humorous letter to Josephine Preston Peabody; with a note of fellow feeling, perhaps, for a romanticist more "floridly extravagant" than his early self. Finally, by way of contrast and correction, he writes as follows in his edition of Milton: "William Blake, in one of his prophetic books, says that Milton's house in the spiritual kingdom is Palladian, not Gothic. Palladian it is, and in this century we have dwelt by preference in the Gothic house of mind, loving the wayward humor of its adornment, the mysticism and confusion of its design. But from time to time we must purify our vision with the more ample and august lines of the house which Milton has builded."

WM. CHISLETT, JR.

Stanford University, Cal., August 21, 1915.

ANCIENT PRECEDENTS FOR PRESENT-DAY POLICIES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the course of the disputes which led up to the Peloponnesian war, a conference was called at Sparta. After the injured parties had aired their grievances against Athens, certain Athenian envoys who chanced to be in Sparta on other business addressed the assembly. According to Thucydides, they made no attempt to answer the charges brought against them by the Megarians and the Corinthians. Instead, they recited the leading part played by Athens in driving back the barbarian (Persian) invaders, and told how an empire had come to her as a natural result. "So we have not

done anything marvellous or contrary to the disposition of man, in having accepted an empire that was offered to us, and not giving it up, influenced as we are by the strongest motives,—honor, fear, and interest; and when, again, we had not been the first to set such a precedent, but it has always been a settled rule that the weaker should be constrained by the stronger; and when, at the same time, we thought ourselves worthy of it, and were thought so by you, until, from calculations of expediency, you now avail yourselves of the appeal to justice, which no one ever yet brought forward when he had a chance of gaining anything by might, and abstained from taking advantage." (Book I, Sec. 76.)

War resulted. After it had been in progress for several years, the Athenians decided to annex the little island of Melos,—the only one in the Ægean Sea, except Thera, not already theirs. Possibly this action was due in part to fear that this Dorian colony might become the base of Spartan operations, and also to the desire for a "scientific frontier"; possibly they desired more lands for distribution among Athenian citizens. But more weighty than the last-named reason, if we may believe Thucydides, was the fear that the independence of Melos might incite the Athenian subjects to revolt. Having landed on the island with a strong force, they sent ambassadors to demand submission. When the Melians demurred, the ambassadors warned them to "think of getting what you can; since you know, and are speaking to those who know, that, in the language of men, what is right is estimated by equality of power to compel; but what is possible is that which the stronger practice, and to which the weak submit." The Melians trusted that the gods would favor them, since they were "standing up in a righteous cause against unjust opponents." "As to the gods," replied the Athenians, "we hold as a matter of opinion, and as to men we know as a certainty, that in obedience to an irresistible instinct they always maintain dominion, wherever they are the stronger. And we neither enacted this law, nor were the first to carry it out when enacted; but having received it when already in force, and being about to leave it after us to be in force forever, we only avail ourselves of it, knowing that both you and others, if raised to the same power, would do the same." (Book V., Secs. 89, 105.)

The modern man can only ask, Is this law that might makes right really to be perpetual?

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

*University of Arkansas, August 25, 1915.*

#### PUBLICATIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A thin volume of a hundred and thirty-eight pages, entitled "Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society, for the year 1913," has recently reached me, in which is printed the secretary's report, list of officers, and the papers read at the annual meeting of the Society. The meeting thus reported was held in Springfield, May 15 and 16,

1913,—that is, more than two years ago. It would seem reasonable to expect that instead of a delay of over two years, the transactions should have been published within a few months of the meeting, or at least some time within the year in which it occurred.

If this example is followed, the annual meeting of May, 1914, will not be reported for another year; and meantime the meeting of May, 1915, has taken place, and must wait in its turn until two years from the present time before its transactions will appear in print. It is difficult to understand why these long delays are necessary. What occurred of importance at the meeting of May, 1914, we shall not know for another year, so far as the "Transactions" can inform us, and we must depend upon other sources of information if we should become impatient. Fortunately, the Society began in 1908 the publication of a quarterly which brings to its friends more recent information, and obviates to a certain degree the necessity of relying upon the "Transactions." The quarterly, too, publishes many contributions not read as papers at the annual meetings, and carries out the purposes of the Society in placing before its readers a large amount of historical information. In addition, the Society issues from time to time special volumes covering subjects the treatment of which is too lengthy to be presented as papers in the "Transactions" or as contributions to the quarterly. There have been nine such special volumes printed since 1903. Before the quarterly began publication, the "Transactions" became bulky, and the volume for 1904 attained a thickness of seven hundred pages, so that the series presents a great variety of thick and thin volumes, very different in appearance from the publications issued by the other great historical societies, which generally are published in volumes of nearly uniform size.

The value of these publications, in whatever form they are printed, is very great; and care in their preparation is evident both in the fulness of the references and the necessary editing. Indexing is carried out thoroughly, and research work by students is greatly aided in the consultation of the various works. The work of the Illinois Historical Society is a monument of painstaking endeavor, which should meet the approval of its friends and justify the interest shown by the legislators in providing for its needs as they have done.

Returning to the volume of "Transactions" for 1913, of which mention was made at the beginning of this communication, there is something to be criticized aside from the long delay in its publication. Like all the previous volumes of the series, the printing and binding are lacking in the artistic finish we might well look for in publications of this character. Comparing the publications of the Illinois society with those issued, for example, by the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, where every attention is given to printing, quality of paper, etc., it is seen that there is much room for improvement in the Illinois publications.

J. SEYMOUR CURREY.

*Evanston, Ill., August 19, 1915.*



### The New Books.

#### CHRISTIANITY'S FIERCEST ANTAGONIST.\*

The second and concluding volume of the life of Nietzsche by his sister, Frau Förster Nietzsche, fully sustains the agreeable impression made by the earlier book. It is clearly and objectively written (we notice only some muddle on pp. 147 and 153 as to the date of Nietzsche's return to Genoa from Leipzig, which actually took place in November, 1882); if a sisterly estimate should sometimes tend toward favorable exaggeration, this is indeed a venial failing. In fact, the "Life" refrains from any critical estimate of the final place of Nietzsche's work—which, perhaps, is just as well: given these plainly-shown facts, they can be utilized at some later time.

The English version is more free and lively than that of the first volume. To the eternal recurrence of the translation "false pathos" for *falsches Pathos*, which is quite a different thing, one has long since become resigned.

Making all discount for Nietzsche's merely pathologic vein, the charm of this artist, philosopher, and scientist, whose life was devoted to brooding on the deepest problems of life, is irresistible and perennial: some very sweet bells are here jangled. It is comforting to be able to moderate the popular impression that Nietzsche was a tortured invalid: even in 1886 he was "completely satisfied with his health"; and although constrained to live in rather shabby lodgings or boarding-houses, and at times subject to distressing headaches and eye-strain, he was at least unusually fortunate in being always free to choose the most favorable place for living and working.

Even Nietzsche's utter loneliness exercises the fascination which one feels in the man who tenders himself dearly, who painfully rends oldtime friendships rather than return to the beaten path. The tragic side lay in his super-keen sense of the immense cost of it all—nowhere more than in his feeling for the desolation which would be wrought in human relations by blotting out Christianity. "It seems so foolish to want to be right at the expense of human love"; "I have no friend, no not one, who has the faintest inkling of my task"; "in the deeper sense, I have no comrades." This aggressive thinker dropped out of the sight of Europe until discovered by Brandes, who gave a long series of lectures on Nietzsche's philosophy at the University of Copenhagen in 1887 and 1888.

\* THE LIFE OF NIETZSCHE. By Frau Förster Nietzsche. Translated by Paul V. Cohn. Volume II. The Lonely Nietzsche. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

His wonderful creative power is measured by the fact that although he was compelled to give over almost all reading, his equipment of knowledge is lavishly shown on every page, often visioning a whole career or epoch in one pregnant allusion—as in his compact characterizations of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries in "The Will to Power." "Zarathustra" ("Gelobt sei, was hart macht!") was written in a freezing-cold room. He was, above all, to be envied for his mastering sense of a mission to humanity. As early as 1876 he feels called "to restore to mankind that repose without which no culture can arise or endure"; "I have more weighty matters to think of than my health. . . I have no more time to lose." This vision of his whole future developed rapidly into a religious fervor for the improvement of the type "Man."

The life-story is taken up from the time of Nietzsche's spiritual breach with Richard Wagner in 1876. Bayreuth, which he had hoped to find "a universal bath for souls," proved merely "one more form of sport for the leisured rabble." He considered "the pervading atmosphere of hothouse sensuality" the root of evil in Wagner's productions. He even attributed the ruin of his own health to "that nerve-shattering music." Parsifal, a transcription of Wagner's actual Christian experience, showed him as "a reviler of life, an asserter of Nay." Continued illness led Nietzsche, in 1879, to resign the professorship at Basel, and with this he turns his back on the Greeks as philosophical guides. Thereupon began his alien existence in Italy or among the high Alps. In 1882 he began the free use of chloral as an antidote to depressing sleeplessness, a staff which proved anything but a help during the remainder of this unsettled life.

On the heights of Rapallo, near Genoa, in 1883 came "my beneficent Yea-assertion," "Zarathustra," in such phenomenal bursts of creative power that its author spoke of it as a direct revelation which transcended free-will. In finishing the third part a year later, Nietzsche exclaimed: "Who knows how many generations must pass before the coming of men who can fully realize what I have done!" Its dark sayings are indeed uttered in parable, sometimes in rather revolting imagery, and in a style partly borrowed from the minor Hebrew prophets) intense as galloping heartbeats, with a tonal art described by its creator as "the power which enabled him to fly a thousand miles beyond all that has hitherto been called poetry." This "Bible" of youngest Germany makes the sharp division of all men into two classes, Commanders and Obey-



ers. Men, inexorable as fate, become Fates themselves, and hardness is the supreme nobility. Zarathustra, the superman, utters "the triumphant paean of the fighter and conqueror": to carry out one's own will is the only "virtue"; that which "penitential-shirted body-haters" decried as "lust" shall prove for free hearts the Paradise of earth, for lion-willed ones the greatest heart-strengthening, the wine of wines; "domineering" shall prove the earthquake shattering all that is rotten and hollow; "selfishness" shall prove holy and wholesome when directed against slaves who will not protest for themselves. As a corollary, so-called "virtuous" folk are those who have never learned to use their fists, "soft rabbits, ink-fish, pen-drivers"; temperance is the mark of mediocrity, abstinence is preached by impotence. War must be declared on all "small modesties and Podunk virtues." "O my soul, I have taken from thee all servility, all knee-bending, all crying 'Lord, Lord!'" The "meek" are the priests, the exhausted ones, the woman-souled and slave-souled: for these shall come the Day, the transformation, the sword of judgment.

Much more might be quoted from this morbid worship of brute-force on the part of an essentially gentle and suffering nature. "Verily my maw is the maw of an eagle, for it loveth, above all else, the flesh of lambs!"—this from a sweet-spirited, finely-grained, pastorate-begotten scholar, whose consideration for others was often so exaggerated as to amount to an impediment, and who literally scorned delights and lived laborious days. The doctrine of the "Eternal Recurrence," which Nietzsche considered the chief conception of "Zarathustra," is so little developed as to be negligible.

"Beyond Good and Evil" (1886) "a school for gentlemen and aristocrats," a variation of the main theme of "Zarathustra," was contemporary with a small group of corrosive and cynical poems. The chief statement of his philosophy was held by Nietzsche to be contained in his "Will to Power" (1888), a long collection of fragments in snapped-off Prussian-Major sentences, differing from the earlier works mainly in making a direct frontal attack upon Christianity (perhaps the fiercest assault ever directed against Christian ideals), as the most fatally misleading of all systems of falsehood, the chief token of human decadence, in that it opens the door of happiness to the poor in spirit, and has branded natural impulses as vices. "I will create a new order of higher men, from whom laboring spirits and consciences may gain counsel; who live

beyond political and religious tenets, and have even overcome morality." The message consists of variations on the theme, "Be an egotist." It would bring again to honor the words of Plato: "Everyone of us would wish, if possible, to be lord over all men." The masses suffocate exceptional men, natural lords and masters. Let the weaker perish. There are no realities back of the old catch-words, Christianity, Revolution, Emancipation, Equal Rights, Philanthropy, Peace Advocacy, Justice, Truth. The work glories in militarism, in Bismarck and Bonaparte, as loftiest ideals. A great new personality affects the masses with suspense, fear, and suspicion. In the organic world deceit is highly developed in the highest types, and lying is one of the chief weapons of superior men. The highest joy in life consists in subjugating whatever stands in one's way: "all realms bordering on our own must be thought of as enemies"—an ancient sentiment which the United States and their Canadian neighbors have overlooked for a century.

The weak now prevail because of "sympathy"; in two or three generations a race easily runs into such riffraff that it develops an instinctive opposition to all Privilege—the very note of true nobility. No ordinary man should ever presume to pass judgment on what a great man may allow himself—and vastly more in this vein, leading up to the ominous prophecy that "from now on, there will be favorable conditions for the development of the great predatory virtues."

The spring of 1888 found Nietzsche in Turin in fairly good health, and delighting in the joy of living in that very attractive city. Toward the end of the same year appeared "Ecce Homo" (Nietzsche being the "Man" held up to view), a jumble of saucy deliverances upon all sorts of things. He knows neither sin nor remorse; too petty for his notice are the concepts God, Immortality, Salvation. In his reading he returns continually to a small number of older French writers; he believes only in French civilization, and considers everything else which passes under the name of culture in Europe as a counterfeit. He decides the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy by sheer intellectual grasp of the matter ("What care I for the sorry chatter of American muddle-heads and low-brows?"), in favor of Bacon. He has never cared for honors, women, or money. Love in its methods is essentially war; in its fundamental nature a deadly hatred between the sexes. The last utterance of the book is a bitter gust of hostility against the Crucified One.

At the end of 1888 came a paralytic stroke, and from this time Nietzsche's writings were but the disconnected utterances of a feverish patient, though perhaps not so noticeably different, in form or content, from those which preceded this attack. There followed long years of helplessness, at first with intermittent periods of sanity. In 1897 the Weimar home (now converted into the beautiful Nietzsche-Archiv) was purchased, where every kindly ministration was loyally given by the devoted sister. After 1899 the invalid became gradually weaker, and in the following year the wearied body was laid to rest under the shadow of the little church of his fathers in Röcken.

The sheer fascination which Nietzsche exercises upon his readers derives in no small part from his captivating style of writing—or, rather, his styles. Often a mere trick of rhyme (*Hohlköpfe: Kohlkröpfe*), an incidental simile, a mint-new epithet ("moraline-free virtue"), a smart paradox showing the full perversity of epigram: "Is mankind made better by civilization? A comic question, since the opposite is self-evident, and is precisely that which is in civilization's favor"; "Virtue remains the most expensive vice." He has no dread of repetition, but plays endlessly upon a very few ideas. In his method of approach to vital problems, he shows a more than Rousseauian ignoring of mere facts. He never investigates or collects statistics, but draws all his sayings from the glowing depths of his inner soul alone.

The pathological conditions of an insufficient organism account for the rambling structure of his works, doubtless as well for his sovereign contempt for the world's accepted thinkers and scientists, and explain his estimate of himself. "Everyone who has had intimate relations with me has regarded it as an honor and a distinction; I hold the same view myself"; "with this *Zarathustra* I have brought the German language to perfection. After Luther and Goethe a third step had to be taken"; "up to now there has been no *deutsche Kultur*"; "before me there never was any psychology"; "I am no man: I am dynamite"; "I have the most varied range of styles that a man has ever employed"; "I am now the leading moral thinker and worker in Europe."

It is in direct line with such utterances that we constantly meet with a proud sensitiveness about "being treated as a person of no account," a voracious demand for appreciation. There is a constant apprehension of intrigues and "influences," of treachery, deceit, meanness, and spite—in short, a whole range of

concepts such as one never encounters except by overhearing in public conveyances on Thursday afternoons. A is secretly setting B against N; Frau Baumgartner has always to warn against the treacherous counsels of Frau Overbeck. Old confidences and friendships are continually undermined, and give way to suspicion and deadliest hatred. The real blemish in the biography is that it serves as the *grosse Wäsche* for a mountainous German accumulation of household linen, accompanied by a lack of reticence which is simply incredible to the Anglo-Saxon.

Let us, finally, be thankful to Nietzsche for his brave formulations: he has given a gallant banner to be displayed, and the battle now joined between his ideals and those of love and tenderness is the real Armageddon, beside which all noisy racial, dynastic, and economic warfares are merely episodes. We must reckon squarely with the conception of "a race that will conquer and dominate or die in the attempt"; of the impossibility of culture except on a foundation of slavery. We must weigh fairly the doctrine, "any society that instinctively rejects war and conquest is on the decline, and ready for democracy and a government by shopkeepers." No confidence is betrayed by the present reviewer when he remarks that the American consciousness stands hopelessly dazed before this philosophy. We regard these pinchbeck heroics as of a piece with the cubbish exuberance of half-grown boys; we wish for this New Gospel a swift and decisive collapse: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

#### A NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.\*

"If history has any value," says Mr. L. Cecil Jane, in his book on "The Interpretation of History," "it lies in this, that it supplies some clue as to what the future will bring forth." The business of the historian is therefore to "make known the lessons of the past, and in doing so to reveal as much as he can of the future." But in order to do this in a really satisfactory manner one must find, first of all, "some underlying factor, in accordance with which history may be interpreted and the occurrence of all events explained." This underlying factor Mr. Jane has discovered in the interplay of the "desire to rule and the desire to be ruled." In some

\* THE INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. By L. Cecil Jane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

men the desire to rule, in others the desire to be ruled, is predominant; in others still these desires alternately obtain the mastery. Nations, since they are but groups of individuals, are likewise actuated by these two desires. In respect to internal affairs the desire to rule tends to produce self-government, whereas the desire to be ruled makes for despotism. In respect to external affairs, the desire to rule results in a policy of "splendid isolation," of national independence, of aggression; the desire to be ruled, on the contrary, makes for cosmopolitanism, universalism, a commonwealth of nations. Curiously enough, or perhaps naturally, since nations are as inconsistent as individuals, "it is frequently, almost always, the case that a state which is universalist in one aspect is individualist in the other. An extension of governmental authority at home is normally coupled with the adoption of an independent foreign policy; the admission of obligations towards foreign states is normally accompanied by an assertion of the rights of the individual citizen as against the community." It is to be noted that the term universalism is here employed in place of the phrase "desire to be ruled," while the term individualism replaces the phrase "desire to rule." And this practice has been followed throughout the book, which thus turns out to be a sketch of European history, mainly in its political aspects, in terms of concepts that are familiar enough but which have never before been defined precisely as Mr. Jane defines them.

Those who know something of European history,—particularly, perhaps, those who do not know too much of it,—will readily understand how it is possible, by dint of great ingenuity and the resolute ignoring of multiplied difficulties, to sketch the history of the western world in accord with these very general ideas. Yet even the friendly critic, one who contemplates a new philosophy of history with entire equanimity and some little interest, is disposed to ask how, after all, "the occurrence of all events" is "explained" in any satisfactory way by such a philosophy as Mr. Jane offers. The marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn was an event, and one of some importance. Let us assume—I confess it seems to me a tremendous assumption, and one which Mr. Jane does little to establish—that the dominant motive in human action is the desire to rule or to be ruled. With this assumption in hand, you can of course "explain" Henry's marriage by saying that in England, in the year 1533, the adjustment of the desire to rule and the desire to be ruled was such that this particular event

was the inevitable result; just as you may "explain" it by saying that it was the result of a "definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences," or, more simply, "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." It must be admitted, however, that these "explanations" are somewhat remote, and I do not see that Spencer's formula is more remote than Mr. Jane's. On the whole, it seems simpler to say that Henry was in love with Anne Boleyn.

Mr. Jane would doubtless reply that a general formula is not intended to explain particular events, such as the marriage of Henry VIII., in terms of conscious purpose; the value of such a formula, he would insist, is in explaining the broader historical movements, in relating them to each other, and in furnishing, through such explanation and relation, a "clue to what the future will bring forth." Well, one of these broader movements is the growth and consolidation of monarchial absolutism in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In what sense is it an explanation of this movement to say that it was the result of the desire to be ruled? Why, one asks at once, did the desire to be ruled become so strong at this particular time? The answer to this question reduces even Mr. Jane to the level of the ordinary historian. "The gradual progress of the universalist movement may be attributed in a measure to the belief that despotism had already been established by the end of the first half of the seventeenth century; . . . the absence of resistance created the idea that resistance, or at least successful resistance, was impossible." In other words, despotism, universally caused by the desire to be ruled, was in this particular case caused "in a measure" by the belief that resistance was useless. Surely, the desire to be ruled is not the same as the fear of being punished! The truth is that Mr. Jane's formula does not explain past events; what it does is to classify events, arbitrarily enough for the most part, in certain very general categories. It is highly necessary for the historian to classify his facts; but a classification does not explain the origin of events, and is only the preliminary step in their interpretation.

If Mr. Jane's formula does not enable him to explain the past, neither does it enable him to predict the future; it enables him to say only that the future will be like the past,—a succession of periods of which universalism and individualism will alternately be the predominant characteristic. At present, that is to say in the spring of 1914, when the book was



written, it is "clear that . . . the desire to be ruled prevails rather the desire to rule." It follows, therefore, that "if human nature remains constant in its fundamental characteristic, an individualist reaction, both internally and externally, may be anticipated with confidence." At the risk of being set down as a carping critic, one must say that this, as a prediction of the future, is extremely vague; it reminds one of the phrase about the pendulum, which is alleged to swing first in one direction and then in another and opposite direction. M. Jules Cambon, writing from Berlin in 1913, unaided, I suppose, by any philosophy of history, was a much better prophet than Mr. Jane himself, writing a year later from Oxford. No, Mr. Jane does not predict the future any more than he explains the past; he merely projects into the future the categories which have been used to classify the facts of the past, in the confident expectation that future events, when they occur, may be pressed, without too much difficulty, into these categories.

One may ask in conclusion whether the value of history is what Mr. Jane supposes it to be,—whether it consists in furnishing "some clue as to what the future will bring forth." This is, I think, a fundamental error, and one which springs from a vicious confusion of the physical and the moral world. Why, it is asked, since the scientist, by means of classification and experiment, can predict the action of the physical world, shall not the historian do as much for the moral world? The analogy is false at many points; but the confusion arises chiefly from the assumption that the scientist can predict the action of the physical world. Certain conditions precisely given, the scientist can predict the result; he cannot say when or where in the future those conditions will obtain. Desiring to gain control over nature, the scientist is little concerned with any actual concrete situation, whereas the historian, aiming to appropriate the experience of the past for himself and his fellows, is concerned precisely with the concrete human world, not as it might be under certain conditions but as it has actually been. The difference is radical. It is for this reason that although scientific knowledge, through its formulae, can be practically applied, to the great benefit of all men, knowledge of history cannot be thus practically applied, and is therefore worthless except to those who have made it, in greater or less degree, a personal possession. The value of history is, indeed, not scientific but moral: by liberalizing the mind, by deepening the sympathies, by fortifying the will,

it enables us to control, not society, but ourselves,—a much more important thing; it prepares us to live more humanely in the present and to meet rather than to foretell the future.

CARL BECKER.

#### ESSAYS IN MINIATURE.\*

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore is a writer who needs no introduction to the readers of this journal. For a score of years, his nicely weighed and admirably judicious essays in miniature upon literary topics have been one of our outstanding features; and even before Mr. Moore had become one of our regular contributors, we directed attention to him as a poet. The two sonnets from his "Book of Day Dreams" which we then reprinted (March 1, 1893) still seem to us, as they did at that time, to reach the high-water mark of American poetical achievement. Of Mr. Moore's DIAL essays, thirty-nine have now been collected into a volume entitled "Incense and Iconoclasm," and offer as many examples of the art of saying a great deal within the limits of a narrow space. The "thirty-nine articles" of this literary confession of faith touch upon most of the major themes of literary criticism, and are notable for their broad views, their penetrative sympathy, and their method of direct approach to the very hearts of their respective subjects.

The qualifications of a good critic of literature are so many that we would not venture to say that Mr. Moore has them all; but he undoubtedly has the one that is fundamental, the one without which good taste and sound judgment and an agile intellect will not be found to constitute salvation. The trouble with the greater part of what passes for literary criticism in this age of superficial *ad captandum* writing is that its authors do not know enough about literature. This defect in their equipment may become fatal at any moment; and even when the pitfalls in the path are skillfully avoided, maundering is likely to take the place of precision of aim, the clear stream of thought is likely to grow muddled with subjective intrusions, and the rational objective pronouncement gives way to the exhibition of the writer's own mental processes. Like the Oxus, which, for lack of sufficient initial volume and impetus, loses itself in "beds of sand and matted rushy isles," this kind of writing misses the final point of criticism, and provides bewilderment instead of guidance. Acquaintance with, say, the "Kalevala" and

\* INCENSE AND ICONOCLASM. Studies in Literature. By Charles Leonard Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



"The Canterbury Tales" does not *seem* to have anything to do with the function of the reviewer of a modern novel; but it really exercises a pervasive influence upon the performance of his task. Those who will not recognize this fact have precisely the type of mind which denies the "practicality" of the time-honored intellectual disciplines which have to struggle for their lives in our educational systems.

Mr. Moore's volume borrows its title from the first of the essays included; but the author takes the side of the angels throughout, the only iconoclasm in which he indulges being the smashing of those idols of the literary marketplace which draw to their worship the shortsighted and the uninformed. He stands for the eternal values in literature rather than for the temporal trivialities, and has a proper scorn for the catchwords of the hour. "In the end the classics emerge," he reminds us; and, "taking the whole roll of time, it is not difficult to see what are the prime and what are the secondary qualities of art." In fact, he might have taken for the text of his entire volume Professor Shorey's address on "The Unity of the Human Spirit," in the volume of "Representative Phi Beta Kappa Orations," from which we quoted in our last issue.

Profusely scattered through Mr. Moore's pages are passages of excellent pith, of which a few examples may be given. Emerson "is a veritable quicksand of an author," and his felicitous phrasings "are the tiniest and most fragmentary crystals ever produced by a considerable poet, but they flash with the white light of the diamond." Whitman "has tried to get the whole universe into his brain, and in a manner has succeeded, only it has turned back into chaos." "Molière was the composite smile of mankind." "In a nation of graceful writers, [Balzac] is the dancing bear of prose." "Man's Eden without Eve would be a dirty place, full of tobacco smoke." Milton "is going to justify the works of God to man—but in the end he comes near justifying the devil." "Music is a language that has only two words—joy and grief." These aphorisms, and many others of like quality, show us that it is possible to be epigrammatic without being inane.

But Mr. Moore is not without his examples of sustained thought. Probably the best illustration of his application of analytical powers to the development of a considerable argument is to be found in the group of four essays which examine "The Root Ideas of Fiction," which are Identity, Hunger, Love, and Death. From the last of these essays we must make an extract.

"I have no desire to add a page to Drelinecourt on Death. But impatience consumes one at our modern attitude to the great, serious, and tragic themes of thought and art. Especially does our American hedonism, our love of pleasure, our fear of pain or shock, rebel at the best and highest in literature. We grasp at the shallow criticism which speaks of the pessimistic, the melancholy, the gloomy, as the minor note. Even in music, from which this term is borrowed, it is not true that melancholy themes or notes which excite sad impressions are secondary. Most of the great symphonies, oratorios, requiems, are sad and stormy and terrible. And the same conditions are so plain in literature that a critic must apologize for pointing it out. But, our childish readers say, there is enough that is painful and shocking and terrible in life,—why reiterate it in literature? Wordsworth prayed for frequent sights of what is to be borne. We do not acquire fortitude by running away from danger, and a literature of lollipops is not likely to make a strong race. The tragic part of literature is the most tonic and most inspiring."

Mr. Moore has no patience with the cult of modernity which calls upon literature to break away from the moorings of the past, and condemns writers who turn for inspiration to the old forms and models. He knows the fundamental truth that modernity is to be tested by the spirit or the temper, and not by the framework, and that the oldest of old-world themes may serve as its vehicle,—as, for example, in the cases of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" and Moody's "The Fire-Bringer," which are intensely modern poems, despite their mythological investiture.

"Practically, the great artists of literature who have brooded deepest over life have affected the distant or the past for their creations. They were not foolish enough to doubt that human life is always essentially the same; they did not really believe in any Age of Gold, or Day of the Gods. But they knew that to evolve tragedy, romance, poetry, they must get away from the garish light of their own hour."

And this lesson is thus homiletically enforced:

"Let us deal kindly with tradition, and tradition will be good to us. Let us not try to push our grandsires from their thrones. Rather, if it is necessary to save them, let us bear them tenderly out as the pious Æneas carried old Anchises from the wreck of burning Troy."

The modernist is merely the victim of a huge delusion, and it may be shrewdly suspected that his bankruptcy goes back to the old difficulty of not knowing enough about literature. Youths of both sexes just out of college write glibly and blithely about products of the contemporary imagination, and every paragraph of what they say betrays a naive ignorance of the natural history of the ideas and the literary forms which they are

with such innocent confidence discussing. The thing they never see is the thing which Mr. Moore states with apposite force in the following words:

"Yet the fact remains that nothing in our recent output is new. In spite of the contortions and struggles of our novelists and playwrights and poets to be strong, to be daring, to be extreme, there is nothing that they utter which will compare in these qualities with much of the literature of the past. Take the exploitation of sexual passion and vice by which our contemporaries try to shock us. 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' is milk and water beside the strong meat of 'Measure for Measure' or 'Pericles.' 'Three Weeks' has no standing at all as an aphrodisiac compared with Aphra Behn or Casanova. The soiled heroes and heroines of Mr. Wells's later novels are mere doves compared with the people in Fielding and Smollett and the Restoration comedy."

And so it goes, as Mr. Moore continues to illustrate in much detail, with the other themes and inventions hailed as novelties in most of the uninformed chatter that passes for literary criticism in this impatient age.

We have marked many other passages for quotation, but the limitations of space forbid their reproduction. Let us close with the author's generalized comment on the "turn downward" of our recent literature, and with his plea for the utmost freedom for the artist. The plaint is thus stated: Literature "has largely exchanged verse for prose; it has mingled with the crowd on the levels, instead of staying with the shining ones on the hill; it has dealt very exclusively with the passive peculiarities of women, rather than with the active energies of men." And the plea is thus voiced:

"Readers of sense know very well how to discriminate. They are furnished with feelers, antennæ, by which they can separate what is practical from the divine make-believe of literature. They are not going to commit murder because they can thrill with the spectacle of Macbeth's guilt. They are not going to flog purses because they can enjoy the humour of Falstaff's exploit at Gadshill. They are not going to bolt with the first pleasing person of the other sex, because Cleopatra or Camille is dear to them. They accept imaginative literature as a vicarious experience, which enlarges their minds, deepens their emotions, makes them contemporaries of all times, citizens of all places. They are willing to allow to the artist the utmost liberty of his materials if he can only make something of them."

If the "turn downward" of which Mr. Moore speaks, is to be checked, we must assume a less tolerant attitude toward the vagaries of our young radicals, and insist more sternly upon the standards which they affect to despise.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### OUR SOUTH AMERICAN NEIGHBORS.\*

In recent years, Latin America has been re-discovered by interested Anglo-Americans. But not all the travellers find the same things. As a rule, American accounts of our Latin neighbors to the south are complimentary; and we have about decided that Spain as a colonizer was not so bad, and that her off-spring states in the western world are rapidly and hopefully moving along the highway of modern civilization. But Dr. Edward A. Ross's new book, "South of Panama," is, with regard to much of South America, quite pessimistic. The author's object is, in part, to show how unlike ourselves the Latin Americans are, and how difficult it is, in several states, for them to make any real progress. He describes much that is good and sound in Argentina and Chile; but in these and other states he finds that modern civilization is hindered because of complexities of race, social and economic conditions, climatic influences, and lack of sound political capacity.

The author began his travels at Panama, and went down through the West Coast countries, coming back through Argentina. There are good descriptive chapters on the regions through which he passed, and more valuable studies of the Native Races, Labor Conditions, Caste and Class, Morals, Character, Religion and the Church, Education, Politics and Government.

The descriptions are always vivid and interesting. For example, in his account of Cali, in Colombia, Dr. Ross says:

"The life of the town revolves about the river that comes tumbling down from among the hills. Every bright day nearly the whole adult population bathe in it. From a single point one may see hundreds in the various operations. Gentlemen with white linen and black coats strip beside the negro muleteer and the swarthy peon. The pretty girl disrobes beside the coal-black negress with a cigar between her lips. Every tree and bush yields fancied protection. Behind their large sheet-towels men and women undress not fifteen yards from one another, while lads and lasses splash about in the same pool. The men wear a napkin about the loins, the women a red calico Mother Hubbard, which when wet, discloses the form with startling fidelity. More leveling even than the bathing beach, the river reveals to his fellow citizens, almost in *puribus*, the portly judge, the grizzled municipal councilor or the skinny banker. But no one stares or is self-conscious, and the proprieties are strictly observed. Still, some deplore this Areadian daily dip and point out that only two children out of five in Cali have been born in wedlock."

And of Valparaiso at night, he writes:

\* SOUTH OF PANAMA. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D. LL.D. New York: The Century Co.

"The night view of Valparaiso from the balconies of the cliff dwellers is one of the great sights of the world. The vast sickle of the shore lit for nearly two hundred thousand people, the scores of ocean vessels lying at anchor, the harbor lights, the glowing avenues below from which rises mellow the roar of nocturnal traffic, the rippling water under the moonlight and the far horizon of the illimitable Pacific produce an effect of enchantment."

It is the author's belief that much of the backwardness of South America is due to the inheritance of evil conditions from the Spanish colonial régime,—*"it is the victim of a bad start."* But other conditions weigh down upon these societies. There are too few whites except in Argentina; there is too little education; in politics and government the people are "poor losers"; there is a general lack of persistence and an inability to coöperate; work is too frequently despised; truthfulness is too rare a virtue; morals are loose; distrust is general in business and politics; the lower classes seem hopelessly without ambition; sanitation is unheard of; little value is attached to time; there is in most states no flow of immigration which might stimulate and elevate the present populations; women have little influence, and society is "androcentric." These hindrances to progress are less in evidence in the south than in the north; in particular, Argentina appears to be much freer of them than any other state.

Life is monotonous nearly everywhere, and is filled with trivialities. Gossip, visiting, drinking, revolutions help to pass the time. The author suggests that "the passion of these people for politics is due in part to the uneventfulness of their lives." For young Americans and other foreigners the environment is deadening,—nothing to do, no wholesome amusements, no one suitable to marry. And the same is true of the South American who goes abroad for education.

"It is pathetic to see how girls educated in a Quebec or New York convent return to Cali with a resolve not to sink into this listless, indolent way, but to 'start something,' give a garden party or lawn fête, make a real social life. But the system is too strong for the poor things. They are steam-rolled by the church and by the established social customs. After a while, broken in spirit, they cease to struggle, sink into acquiescence, and become just as narrow in interests and pursuits as the women who have never been out of the valley."

Argentina excepted, the state organization is of, by, and for the small upper class. For them are the governmental positions, and for them only is the education necessary to fit one for a position. Manual labor is despised, and a long nail on the little finger is evidence of

higher respectability than calloused palms. With inherited Spanish fondness for town life, those who can do so stay in the larger centres, leaving the country to the lower class laborers and the overseers. As a result, "from the Rio Grande down the West Coast to Cape Horn, free agricultural labor as we know it does not exist." Government expenditures are made mainly upon the towns and cities. Of public life in general, Dr. Ross says:

"One who looks for good popular government in tropical South America would expect to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. Take, for example, Bolivia. . . There are a few men of character, ability and education, who are working together for definite public ends. . . But this bit of heaven is too small in relation to the lump to be leavened. Men of broad outlook and high firm character are too few. They lack following and support. With us the moral and intellectual peaks rise from a plateau; in the Bolivian people they rise from the plain. The Indians are exploited, helpless and inert, and practically nothing is being done to elevate them. The cholos are bigoted and egotistic, of very little worth either intellectual or moral, and they show few signs of improvement."

The best society suffers from being too "androcentric." Here the male dominates all; girls and women stay at home in seclusion, although as a rule they are brighter and more intellectual than the males of their own class, who are exposed to various dissipations. The upper class family is clanlike in its closeness and in its size, but family discipline is lax. Generally speaking, manners are very good, but "altruism scarcely exists." The mistress of the house takes little interest in the housekeeping, which is left to incompetent servants. The Church is supported and to an extent controlled by the State, a fact that probably prevents wholesome outside forces from working for the elevation of standards among clergy and people. The women and lower classes are generally religious after a fashion, but "few men who wear coats go to confession."

But Dr. Ross does not paint always with a sooty brush. He has much to say of healthy forces here and there, and signs of progress. The churches and the schools are improving slowly. A middle class is developing in Chile. White immigration to the highlands of the northern states may result in development and stability. While there is not an intellectual democracy, the enlightened élite is increasing in numbers. The best country, the author thinks, is Argentina,—*"a white man's country,"* with a more favorable geography, many immigrants, a better population, and open-minded leaders.

WALTER L. FLEMING.



## BELGIUM'S POET-LAUREATE.\*

Those who hope for the ultimate triumph of the Allies will find encouragement in Stefan Zweig's study of Emile Verhaeren. The book is in no sense a biography, but an exposition of the intellectual and moral evolution of the poet. He appears as one who, in Maeterlinck's words, "represents worthily that which is great and heroic in a people." The epigraph of the essay might be the lines quoted at the head of the third chapter:

"Je suis le fils de cette race  
Tenace,  
Qui veut, après avoir voulu  
Encore, encore et encore plus."

Verhaeren's attitude toward life is constantly compared to that of Walt Whitman; but he worked out his philosophy independently, and has apparently succeeded better than the American poet in voicing the ideals of his own people. The peasants among whom he spent his early years regard him as one of themselves, and he is as much at home among them as in the great world where his fame has led him.

Stefan Zweig, an Austrian poet, the disciple and translator of Verhaeren, has given a sympathetic and perhaps at times overlaudatory history of his master's thought, from "Les Flamandes" (1883) to "Les Blés Mouvants" (1913). His book, admirably translated by Mr. Bithell, would have made its mark at any time, and has now gained a poignant interest from the European cataclysm. For Verhaeren is *par excellence* the singer of our time in all its complexity. He has wrung poetry from the most unpromising subjects, and created by sheer force of will a Utopia out of the most prosaic reality. His present disillusion can only be the more bitter. In the face of the disaster that confronts humanity to-day, Zweig's opening hymn to the new age assumes a ghastly irony. If "now in the very air man is building a new road from country to country" it is with the intent to destroy alike the priceless monuments of the past and the latest achievements of human industry. Who will still dare to say "only eternal earth has changed not nor grown older"? For what of the bestial substratum of human nature which *Kultur* has only aggravated, and which is to-day befouling the centre of the world's civilization by outrages that only primeval savages were deemed capable of imagining? And must not the muse

become a mere henchman of the Kaiser if we accept Zweig's dictum that "only that poet can be necessary to our time who feels that everything in this time is necessary, and therefore beautiful"? We shall not have long to wait for Verhaeren's poetic judgment of the beauty of the necessity of the rape of his country by Germany. Beauty there is, even in the terrible events of to-day, but it is the world-old beauty of the heroism and self-sacrifice of individuals and nations for an idea; in the diabolic modern ingenuity in the creation of strange images of death, there is only hideousness.

Yet the age on which the iron fist of militarism has set its ghastly seal had its poetry in the overflow of energy, even though for the moment that energy is at the service of the iron fist. Verhaeren's greatness lies in having seized and crystallized that poetry. His joyous acceptance of life in all its manifestations, which was to lead him at last to a lyric pantheism, is shown to be an inheritance from his race; for the Belgians are pictured as possessing to a higher degree than any other people a delight in every exercise of intoxicating activity. The most heroic exploit in their history, previous to 1914,—their revolt from Spain,—is explained as a struggle against the ascetic Puritanism of Philip II., who would have curtailed their free dionysiac enjoyment.

Thus the reader is prepared for the brief but charming sketch of Verhaeren's youth in Flanders. We see him first in the Jesuit college of Sainte-Barbe at Ghent, where he met Maeterlinck. The fathers would have saved their young pupils from the world by making them priests, and endeavored to inspire in them a profound respect for the past, with a hatred of all innovation. Verhaeren carried away a lasting sentiment of the heroism of the monastic life and its poetry; but his wild nature could not be cramped within cloistral walls. Zweig suggests that the chief result of this early training was to turn the poet's lust of life away from material things toward science and art. "The priest they sought to make of him he has really become, only he has preached everything that they proscribed, and fought against everything that they praised." After the school at Sainte-Barbe, Verhaeren studied law at Louvain, where, urged by his fiery blood, he threw himself into carousals of which he still tells with glee. Admitted to the bar at Brussels, he joined a coterie of young artists, and, like Gautier, he won a name for shocking the bourgeois by fantastic freaks of dress and conduct. His unpublished juvenilia, written at this time in imitation of Lamartine and Victor Hugo, are nevertheless

\* EMILE VERHAEREN. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by J. Bithell. With portrait. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.  
POEMS OF EMILE VERHAEREN. Selected and rendered into English by Alma Stretzell. New and enlarged edition. With portrait. New York: John Lane Co.

in "immaculate Alexandrines." Finally he threw aside the barrister's gown forever, and turned to poetry as his vocation.

His first published work, destined to confound his friends and the critics, was "Les Flamandes." Written under the influence of Le Monnier, the interpreter in Belgium of Zola's naturalism, the book aims at transplanting naked reality into verse. With deliberate purpose the author discards in these sketches of old Flanders all that is sentimental or romantic, all that is conventionally known as poetry, and gives pictures of primitive brutality. "Barbarian," shouted the critics; and Zweig finds something "genuinely barbarous, savage with Teuton strength," in Verhaeren's nature. His inspiration is Rabelaisian: he possesses the fiery blood of Rubens and Jordaens. And yet he still keeps the traditional Alexandrine mould.

Another side of Belgian life is portrayed in the poet's next work, "Les Moines," an echo of his early education. As in "Les Flamandes" he had sung of the lusty youths and maidens of the kermesses of yesteryear, he now celebrates the peaceful life of the monks in the manner of the older Flemish painters. Before writing this book he had spent three weeks at Forges with the fathers, who in their simple piety initiated him into their holy of holies with the hope of winning him for the priesthood. But his attitude was rather that of aesthetic admiration than of devout worship. He hails the monks as undaunted champions of a lost cause, and the beauty of their sacrifice is intensified for him as being a relic of the past. In studied Parnassian sonnets he portrays the various aspects of this calm life, and the contrasting characters more or less subdued by a common discipline. Here is the first effort at psychological analysis. Verhaeren's development is always toward the discovery of the inner meaning—of the allegorical sense—of external phenomena. Hence his welcome of scientific and mechanical progress as matter for poetry.

Zweig notes the pictorial character of both the early collections. "Monks," says he, "are for Verhaeren heroic symbols of mighty periods in the past," and he adds that the poet "seemed obliged to exhaust both the historical styles before he could reach his own, the modern style."

Yet though both volumes show a distinct harking back to the past in quest of beauty, for which reason Verhaeren has repudiated them, we must still note the essential realism. Before writing "Les Flamandes" the poet had caroused at kermesses which imitated as best they could the ancient festivals; early

education and the visit to Forges inspired "Les Moines." It is always a real world that he invokes, even in his effort to escape from actuality.

After "Les Moines" comes a period of storm and stress—a nervous breakdown brought on by the supersensitiveness of the poetic temperament. Of this experience Verhaeren has left a record in the trilogy, "Les Soirs," "Les Débâcles," and "Les Flambeaux Noirs." Here we have the poet playing the rôle of the naturalistic novelist, with himself as the subject. He dissects his diseased mind and emotions as a surgeon a specimen in the operating room. Zweig's phrase is here vigorous, if not altogether happy: Verhaeren has "immortalized in poems the process of the inflammation of his nerves." Zweig follows him through all the stages of this crisis, first physical, then psychic illness nearly ending in madness. A couple of citations may suffice to show the tenor of the whole. The poet is in London and sees the corpse of his reason floating down the Thames. A similar phenomenon is noted by George Brandes among the early German romanticists. He calls it "disintegration of the ego." Verhaeren writes:

"Elle [ma raison] est morte de trop savoir,  
De trop vouloir sculpter la cause."

Or again: "Je veux marcher vers la folie et ses soleils." Here is the Ultima Thule of decadent romanticists. It is the instinct among them which inspired Joubert's definition, "chercheurs de délire." Although the volumes contain spirited verse, many readers will not accept Zweig's enthusiastic judgment that the poet's analysis of his crisis possesses monumental value.

But Verhaeren was too sturdy to remain long in these mazes of subjectivity. Like Goethe, he frees himself from excess of passion by giving it artistic expression in symbols.

"The poet has torn his fear, his burning, moaning, horrible fear, out of himself, and poured it into his bell-ringer, who is consumed in his blazing belfry. He has turned the monotony of his days to music in his poem of the rain; his mad fight against the elements, which in the end break his strength, he has shaped into the image of the ferryman struggling against the current that shatters his oars one after the other."

The pendulum has swung again, and the man who would hold himself apart and see all in the terms of his own personality throws himself with open arms into the cosmic life to refine himself. "Nothing human is alien to me," becomes his motto, and he hails with a renewed joy every manifestation of the energy and aspiration that characterize his generation. For him this alone is poetry, this the

music of the spheres to-day. Immense cities, which had formerly been anathema to him, furnish the most striking example of this united energy, and he finds poetry in the very force by which they suck the blood of the country. So we have another trilogy,—“Les Campagnes Hallucinées,” “Les Villages Illusoires,” and “Les Villes Tentaculaires.” In the assembly of vast multitudes of men all moved by a common instinct,—the race for power, whether by the acquisition of money or science,—Verhaeren would see the breakdown of national barriers and the formation of a cosmic consciousness bent on the concentration of human energy. This Utopian ideal he has expressed in his symbolistic drama, “Les Aubes.”

His verse form, too, has changed. During his storm and stress he had found the *vers libre*, stanzas of irregular lines; and into the later poems the rhythm of all the gigantic industry of modern life has entered. Herein lies his appeal to all manner of men. His work is filled with what Zweig calls “the new pathos,” which at once mirrors and inspires the passion of his hearers.

In Verhaeren's latest work another change is to be marked. This singer of force, of universal energy working with common interest toward cosmic progress, finds a higher ideal still,—the union of humanity by universal love and admiration which joins men in their common purpose and musters individuals and nations into a common cause,—the striving for the onward march of life. “Il faut aimer pour découvrir avec génie” is the note of his mature work. We need not wonder if his bitterness knows no bounds to-day. He has chanted the triumph of life, and now the cannon, mouthpieces of the modern quest of power, are pealing back the triumph of death.

Aside from his lyric work and yet a part of it—a synthesis of it—are his dramas, in which prose and verse stand side by side,—prose for the groundwork, lyric for ecstasy. Of course they are closet dramas, perhaps too crowded with symbolically expressed ideas for complete success on the stage. “Le Cloître” recalls the early collection of sonnets, “Les Moines.” The monks are presented as all striving for the prior's chair—a symbol of the greatest fitness to serve God. The one chosen believes himself unworthy because of an early crime which he confesses to his brethren, to the people, and to the judicial authorities. The Catholic doctrine of expiation by confession furnishes here strikingly dramatic crises at least. “Les Aubes” shows Oppidomagnum besieged by paupers and outcasts.

The tribune Hérénien secretly admits the enemy into the city, not as the act of a traitor but with the conviction that goodness overcomes strife. He falls the first martyr to his ideal, but the cause is won. In “Philip II,” Verhaeren pictures the Spanish monarch as Antichrist, for he has blasphemed against the spirit of life. “Hélène de Sparte,” which more nearly conforms to dramatic requirements, is the tragedy of a woman afflicted by excessive beauty. She is tormented by the desires of men, which she kindles against her will. Snatched from one lover to another, the cause of innumerable crimes, a bane to ships and men and cities and most of all to herself, she finds refuge only in death. “I have seen the flaring of so many flames that now I love only the hearth's glow and the lamp,” is her plaintive cry.

It is characteristic of Verhaeren that the spirit of a play even about Helen should be anti-erotic. Zweig suggests that one cause of the inadequate appreciation among the great public of his dramas is the absence of insistence on amorous passion. There is not a single woman in the caste of “Le Cloître.” Verhaeren is one of the most masculine of lyric poets: his appeal is rather to action and the exercise of the intelligence and will than to pity. Sex-instinct he has never taken as a serious problem. Its gratification is a matter of course in the life of vigorous manhood absorbed in intellectual pursuits. All his love poems are addressed to a single woman, his wife. “Les Heures Claires,” “Les Heures d'Après-midi,” “Les Heures du Soir” form a striking contrast both in diction and sentiment with the frequently rough and almost brutal tone of the rest of his work. Written in maturity, they speak with gentle simplicity of a great and lasting passion. “Je te regarde et tous les jours je te découvre” is the keynote. “Oh la tendresse des forts!” exclaims one critic in wondering admiration.

We have already said that the translation of Zweig's book is admirably done. One never realizes that it is a translation at all. It might have been written as it stands by an English poet,—with a mind more given to metaphysics than most of them are. That the author is himself a poet no one can doubt. Even in its English dress the style is that of poetry; figures abound on every page, and a poet's conception of the greatness of his rôle permeates the book from cover to cover. Zweig has cited generously: the passages are well chosen both as illustration and to inspire a desire in the reader for further acquaintance with Verhaeren's work. The translator has wisely left these quotations in the original.



The book ends with a bibliography citing editions, criticisms, and English translations of Verhaeren.

Those who wish for a brief but excellent selection of Verhaeren's work in metrical translation will welcome the new edition of Miss Alma Strettell's "Poems of Emile Verhaeren." The book contains a reproduction of Sargent's portrait of the author, a brief biographical notice, and English renderings of a score of poems chosen from "Les Villages Illusoires," "Les Heures Claires," "Les Apparus dans mes Chemins," and "La Multiple Splendeur." Thus, striking examples of the poet's middle period (1891-1906), with three representative poems of his mature work, are included.

The translations are executed with no little technical skill; one can hear, for instance, the dull monotony of the rain almost as well in the English as in the French of "La Pluie":

"Long as unending threads, the long-drawn rain  
Interminably, with its nails of grey,  
Athwart the dull grey day,  
Rakes the green window-pane—  
So infinitely, endlessly, the rain,  
The long, long rain,  
The rain."

The variety of the selections is also noteworthy. One finds descriptions of nature such as "The Snow," landscapes such as "The Silence," symbolic pieces dramatic in movement such as "The Bell-Ringer" or "The Ferryman," love poems impassioned in their simplicity, and finally the inspiring vision of Saint George, of which the courageous note rings out again in one of the last poems in the collection, "Life":

"To march, thus intrepid in confidence, straight  
On the obstacle, holding the stubborn hope still  
Of conquering, thanks to firm blows of the will,  
Of intelligence prompt, or of patience to wait;  
And to feel growing stronger within us the sense,  
Day by day, of a power superb and intense."

BENJ. M. WOODBRIDGE.

#### THE INNER LIFE OF MUSIC.\*

Although the author of "The Mysticism of Music" had given the manuscript his final revision, he did not live to see its issue from the press. The subject was one that appealed to him strongly, and he has put into the work some of his best thought and inspiration. Music has always been a handmaiden of the

Church—*ancilla domini*; and the leaders in ecclesiastical advance and development have known how to appreciate what this alluring coadjutor in the sacred service has done for them. Dr. Newton's volume is an enlargement of two discourses delivered some years ago; but the thought of the author has deepened and clarified with the lapse of time, and we have here his mature and thoroughly considered utterance.

"Music, as we know it, was born into the world in the age of science. It is *the* art of the age of knowledge. We need not, then, be surprised to find that music is not an art merely, that it is a science as well. This which is true of all arts, is pre-eminently true of music. It is intellectual as well as emotional. It deals with thoughts as much as with feelings. Its contents are ideas. Musicians are measured in the scale of music by their intellectuality. Note the intellectual majesty which crowns the heads of the great masters of music. Handel and Mozart and Beethoven lift above us heads as of the immortals. Intellectuality is stamped in every line of their faces."

"Music is not an imitation of nature. Nature provides no ready-made models of melody or harmony, as she provides perfect types of form and color. Hints she gives of music but only hints. Man evolves music from within his own nature. It is distinctively the *human* art. It comes forth in the awakening self-consciousness of man. Music expresses the awakening self-consciousness of man, as he confronts the mystery of the universe, only to find a deeper mystery within himself. The marvellous creations of modern music are studies in self-consciousness; attempts to run the gamut of man's moods, to fathom the problems of his being, to find a voice for

'An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light.'

The thesis outlined in the above quotations receives extended treatment in the two papers included in this book. The first is on the subject of "Mysticism in Music," the second deals with "Christian Mysticism in Music." The entire scope of the mystical consciousness is found in the great works of the great musicians: the symphonies of Beethoven presenting a complete and positive exposition, the other musicians an exposition individualistic in every case but sometimes more burdened with a negative element of struggle and imperfect realization.

The book is written with eloquence and authority; the writer knows music thoroughly and deeply, and the subject is one upon which he had unquestionable right to speak, being at once a great teacher and an adequate musician. The reader is led on from height to height of exposition, until the final outlook gives him a new realization and a new understanding of the illuminating art of music.

\* THE MYSTICISM OF MUSIC. By E. Heber Newton, D.D.  
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
MUSIC AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION. By Edward Dickinson.  
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In "Music and the Higher Education," Mr. Edward Dickinson of Oberlin College makes a strong plea for the admission of musical study to a regular place in the college curriculum. Indeed, his argument for his own special art involves the consideration of the larger project for the admission of the study and practice of every art into the courses now offered at our universities. At present, with such exception as is furnished by polytechnic courses, art occupies only a place of modified sufferance. Thus music in some institutions may be studied under such teachers as Professor Converse at Harvard and Professor Parker at Yale; but even in these favored places music is not given the position and rank which belong to it. The question of the educational value of the fine arts remains practically to be settled, and one may well ask why a fully equipped school of music should not be granted a coördinate position with a similarly endowed school of botany or mathematics or chemistry.

Sitting in his lecture room at the close of a scholastic year, the writer falls into a reverie, and there floats before him the succession of thoughts which have crystallized in this volume:

"Brooding over the problem in the stillness of his deserted lecture room, this devotee of music, grateful for what his art had done for him, and also cordially recognizing the deference due to other minds of different experience from his own, began to formulate his convictions of the true relationship between his own department and the whole mechanism of college life. For he felt that his duty required not only that he cultivate the love of music in his pupils, but that he also adjust the results of his teaching to other disciplines, so that out of his effort, in correspondence with the effort of other guides, a unity of intellectual life should proceed. He believed that this unity could be achieved, but under what conditions, and by what methods? Like the French philosopher, he must be allowed to say, 'I cultivate my garden,' but at the same time he must look beyond the bounds of the little estate that is given him to till, and find inspiration and direction for his labors in the adaptation of his husbandry to the issues of the greater harvest."

In the development of the purpose which Mr. Dickinson has placed before him, it becomes indispensable that he should take a survey of the history of music, give an account of its significance and value to general culture, and show how far its high and unquestionable claims have reached their fruition. It must be said at once that all this has been very well done; and as the main body of the work is given over to this achievement, the volume takes its place side by side with Dr. Newton's

book, and justifies the title given to the present review. The author's point of view is made plain in the following quotation:

"When our spirits are so moved by a stream of noble harmonies that all that is beautiful and holy in life seems for the moment concentrated for our joyful contemplation, are these celestial visitants only a mockery, deceiving us, like the desert mirage, with a semblance of truth, which, when it fades, leaves nothing behind but the memory of a glittering delusion? This can hardly be. Music is definite enough when it takes possession of language and event, and adds something to them which they required to attain full supremacy over us. We see clearly enough what this added element is and the eminent service that music performs. And do we not often feel that music gains an even firmer basis of expression when it renounces the aid of a confederate art, and takes its stand in a domain of feeling where it can afford to be exclusive because sufficient unto itself and supreme? The chief support of this conviction lies in the consciousness that, when we hear great music, it is not one part of our nature that is taken captive—as when we come in contact with a picture, a tale, a play, which shuts off a part of life and holds us to that—but the music is not circumscribed, it is the circuit of our spiritual nature that is traversed, we are no longer in the presence of the phenomenal but the essential; it is the *whole* in us that is embraced, it is the *whole* in us that rejoices."

The contention that the arts should have a prominent place in college courses is undoubtedly an important one; and the claims of music for inclusion in the curriculum are persuasively and logically unfolded in Mr. Dickinson's presentation. The experiences of a lifetime have gone to the making of his argument. We know of no book which more thoroughly covers its ground; and the eloquent exposition will carry conviction to the reader. It should render admirable service in the needed reformations and justifications which it propounds.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

#### NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

The seemingly interminable procession of Mr. Arnold Bennett's earlier stories reprinted in American editions is continued with "The City of Pleasure" (Doran). The first thirteen chapters pile up a mystery reminiscent in certain details of Stevenson's "The Wrong Box," with a great London amusement park as the scene. There is apparent murder, an attempt at murder both by shooting and poison, a surreptitious love affair, a hateful old woman, a popular musical director and composer, and a millionaire, besides various exotic specimens of humanity to begin with. What is more, the mystery baffles ordinary solution until a chapter or two before the close, by which time

two other love affairs have been introduced. The book is absorbing in its fantastic mingling of gayety and mystery.

Indians, Mormons, outlaws, and the spirit of the western desert and mountains combine to make Mr. Zane Grey's "The Rainbow Trail" (Harper) an unusual story. A preacher disgraced by his lapsing faith comes into this distant region to rescue, if possible, three persons who have been imprisoned in a cañon by an earthquake. One of these he conceives of as a beautiful girl, and in imagination he falls in love with her. When at last he comes upon the party, the girl has been sealed to a fanatic Mormon as his plural wife. By that time his rescue of a noble Navajo's sister has brought him the able assistance he so needs for her salvation, not alone from the Indian but also from a brave Mormon who meets them in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Of course the book is melodramatic, but not many readers are likely to object to it on that score.

The impress being made on literature by journalism as the practical university in which the art of writing in these days is most readily acquired shows in the number of journalists who are enlisted as heroes of novels. Young Andrew Dick in Mr. Keble Howard's "Merry Andrew" (Lane) is an instance in point. Very much in love, he fails to get his degree at Oxford at a moment when his father's death leaves him penniless. He comes to London to conquer, and is nearly overwhelmed in his first attempts to earn a living with his pen. Driven to teaching, he finally makes a successful connection by a combination of hard work, determination, and luck. The book is well named, for the situations in which the hero is involved bring smiles, if not laughter.

The real savor of New England, especially of that well preserved and salted portion of it lying about Cape Cod, pervades Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln's new story, "Thankful's Inheritance" (Appleton). The title refers to a plot of land and an old house which a woman of sound common sense inherits and utilizes as a boarding-house. In and around this home the whole action of the story takes place and the courtship of both the owner and her pretty niece comes to fruition. There is even something more than a suspicion of a ghost on the premises—ghost enough, at least, to bring the villain of the tale into remorse of conscience and round out the material side of the happy ending. It is a story witty enough to make its reading a delight.

With "Penelope's Postscripts" (Houghton) we bid good-bye—but not finally, let us hope—to the trio of heroines who have smiled through two earlier volumes, shepherded by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. Like its predecessors, this smaller book maintains the idea that "the most charming knowledge is the sort that comes by unconscious absorption, like the free grace of God." But the three delightful women are now all married, and it is "ten years after," and Penelope herself writes that she and her husband are "growing old with the country that gave us birth (God bless it!) and our children growing up with it, as they

always should." It is a book of peace in a sadly troubled world.

"Me" (Century Co.) is hardly a novel, though it has many of the aspects of fiction. It is rather an autobiography, sincerely written, of a young girl who eventually becomes a successful author and playwright, and of her struggles from the moment of leaving her Canadian home to become the assistant editor of a journal in Jamaica until she rids herself of the man with whom she believed herself to be in love,—a man greatly her senior and a rather dreadful person in spite of his kindness to her. Although published anonymously, the author of "Me" is believed to be Onoto Watanna (Mrs. Winnifred Eaton Babcock). The book has an introduction by Miss Jean Webster.

Mr. Arnold Mulder opens a new field for American fiction in "Bram of the Five Corners" (McClurg), a story of the Hollanders in Michigan. The portrayal of the struggle of conscience in a young candidate for the Christian Reformed ministry is strongly and plausibly done. The disturbing question, moreover, is a highly practical problem in eugenics which confronts him at the moment when his faith in Calvinism seemed most secure. Driven from his church, Bram takes up newspaper work as a sort of last chance, and is awakened to its powers of service by his city editor. The book is ably written, and excites lively hopes for further work from its author.

Mr. Frank R. Adams is better known as a purveyor of libretti for *opéra bouffe* than as a teller of tales, but his "Five Fridays" (Small, Maynard & Co.) is an entertaining combination of the two arts; it is an amusing story which might easily be made the basis for an amusing farce. Several widely varying characters are marooned on an island, with little or no food. Rumors of crime bring from the mainland other characters. A tenuous love story is introduced, and the situations multiply until the farce almost becomes burlesque.

In Mrs. Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's "The Indiscreet Letter" (Century Co.), the action, until the climax is reached, takes place on a rushing train. The characters are casual, mere chance acquaintances thrown together in the journey. The two men are externally commonplace, but with the inner spring of human kindness that seldom fails to flow in proof of the whole world's kinship. The third character is a true heroine of romance, speeding on her way to the journey's end that Shakespeare sang. And there is a delicious touch at the end, as gratifying as it is unexpected.

The theme of Mrs. Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi's latest novel, "The Kiss of Apollo" (Duffield), is the old one of the woman who seeks to conquer nature, and is conquered by it. The heroine is shocked in her early youth by the laxity of metropolitan society. She closes her eyes to realities and lives in her own world, scarcely moved when her husband leaves her for another. At the end, the love she had earlier spurned she eagerly grasps, in the face of the conventions, her boyhood lover leaving the priesthood to join her.



## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Some portraits  
and assertions.

In "Contemporary Portraits" (Kennerley), Mr. Frank Harris has written two books where he thinks he has written but one. The first of these is what the title implies,—an effort to portray men Mr. Harris has known. With the exception of Fabre, some of whose observations of insects and animals are charmingly retold, the seventeen men Mr. Harris depicts are of the literary and artistic classes. We are made to see them as Mr. Harris saw them; and we are grateful for many new glimpses of the giants of a former generation,—Carlyle, Renan, Whistler, and Guy de Maupassant,—as well as for a closer acquaintance with living or very recent celebrities. The portrayal, though sympathetic, is honest. Mr. Harris is willing, for example, to record Browning's outburst of bitterness because Lowell was lionized socially more than himself, and to express the conviction that Browning "was certainly bigger in his writings than he was in intimacy." In short, this first book, though not of equal value throughout, is praiseworthy for its frankness and for its first-hand evidence as to personalities well worth the knowing. Unfortunately it is mixed in inextricable fashion with the other book, which sets forth theories and speculations of Mr. Harris's own. These are usually tiresome, and sometimes irritating in both matter and manner. Mr. Harris takes himself very seriously as an interpreter of literary values and of modern society and thought. He recurs frequently to his flighty assumptions about the life and personality of Shakespeare. He indulges in amusing literary comparisons: "Matthew Arnold could never have been a great critic, but he might surely have reached somewhat the same level as Swinburne" had it not been for his "debasement of Puritanism." He makes bold statements, settles offhand the most baffling questions: the late Sir Richard Burton was greater both in speech and action than Raleigh, Paul Verlaine "is the greatest Christian singer since Dante," Carlyle (though he "rusted unused," to be sure) was the greatest statesman of the past two centuries in England, French unreserve of speech on matters sexual is in every way superior to the prudish reticence of Anglo-Saxon peoples, the middle class government of England is a thing almost utterly bad, and religion and immortality are done for. And what shall we say of the nonsensical grandiloquence of such a passage as this: "Swinburne was the poet of youth, and his heritage is as wide as the world, and his lovers [are] as numerous as the

sands of the sea, for all youths will love him and quote him with hot hearts and passionate tears as long as English is spoken"? Or, in reading how we are responsible for the unhappy ends of Whistler, Oscar Wilde, John Davidson, and Richard Middleton, what shall we make of the sentence: "I do not hope to persuade Englishmen or Americans of this truth [the limitless value of such men] for many a year to come, though I have the highest warrant for it and am absolutely convinced of the fact"? To put the matter in a nutshell, the second book constitutes an eighteenth portrait, that of Mr. Harris himself, and it is the least interesting and profitable of any in the volume.

Two travellers  
in Central Africa.

Mr. James Barnes, a newspaper correspondent who handles a ready pen, and Mr. Cherry Kearton, famous as an animal photographer and familiar with parts of Africa, have collaborated to produce a most readable and attractive volume in "Through Central Africa" (Appleton). The purpose of their expedition, which left London in April, 1913, was to secure a film library of moving pictures of animals in their natural surroundings, to be presented to natural history museums for free exhibition. The travellers planned to secure a series of pictures which should represent the fauna of Africa from coast to coast, from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to the mouth of the Congo River. Fortunately, they made a detour from this simple traverse of the continent, and spent weeks in the grass-lands back of Nairobi and up toward the Abyssinian border. This was familiar ground to Mr. Kearton, and many beautiful and interesting pictures were there secured. Later on they took up the traverse, and crossing the great lake, struck through the forest, travelling on foot and by canoe to Basoko, where they took steamer down the Congo. The travellers were surprised and grievously disappointed to find that the forest was not suited to moving-picture work; and they lost their time, labor, and money so far as their main purpose was concerned, in this, the *pièce de résistance* of their expedition. For the pleasure of the picture-loving reader, it is lucky that so much was done in the preliminary journey, because almost no animal pictures were secured in the forest. The real interest of the book, however, is found in its account of the continental traverse; though thousands have passed over these trails during the last thirty years, few good descriptions of the experience have been written. The forest itself, though gloomy and depressing, has its charm; though animal pic-

tures cannot be caught in its dim recesses, its human inhabitants can be posed in the sunlight of its little clearings and their pictures taken; history has been made even here, and everywhere one is oppressed with memories of Stanley and "the rear guard" and Emin Pasha's relief. Here in the forest of the Ituri-Aruwimi River live the purest type of pygmies and little-known tribes of cannibals. Mr. Barnes came into contact with all of these peoples, and gives us some fine pictures of the little folk. From his book we do not get much description of life or customs, nor of geography or country,—we get nothing, perhaps, in the way of new scientific facts. It is a narrative pure and simple, interestingly told, of a journey unusual, if not unique, in character and purpose. The writer tells us that they "are very glad they went, but there are certain portions of the journey that they would not care to do again." These "certain portions," by the way, seem really to be the most important part of their enterprise.

*Books for the wayfarer's pocket.*

Few of the numerous series launched in recent years have justified themselves so immediately and decidedly as does "The Wayfarer's Library" (Dutton). Bearing the imprint of the English and American publishing houses which have produced "Everyman's Library" in collaboration, we take it that the new series is designed as a sort of adjunct to that beneficent enterprise,—giving sanctuary, as it were, to those numerous books in recent English literature which, while standing well above the ephemeral mass of publications, have not yet attained the rank of classics. But that this idea has not been held to as closely as might be desired is evident from a survey of the two score volumes with which the series is inaugurated. On the one hand we have such commonplace stock in trade for the reprinter as Lamb's essays and Dickens's Christmas stories; on the other we find the sort of current fiction indicated by the names of such writers as Guy Boothby, L. Cope Cornford, and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. But between these extremes are many titles which deserve and will evoke the heartiest welcome. First place, in our judgment, belongs to George Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," a book as surely destined to become a classic in its kind as any other English prose work of the past quarter century. Scarcely less welcome is the posthumous collection of Gissing's stories entitled "The House of Cobwebs," a reprint which would be well worth while if only for the biographical sketch of the author which it contains. Three of Mr. Bernard Shaw's

early adventures in fiction—"An Unsocial Socialist," "Love among the Artists," and "Cashel Byron's Profession," are given a new lease of life. We are especially glad, also, to have in such convenient form those two gems of inimitable humor, Mr. Barry Pain's "De Omnibus" and Mr. F. Anstey's "Baboo Jabberjee, B. A." The essay form is worthily represented by such books as Mr. Dobson's "Eighteenth Century Studies," Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Selected Essays on Literary Subjects," Mr. G. S. Street's "The Ghosts of Piccadilly," and Mr. Holbrook Jackson's "Southward Ho!" Of miscellaneous works we find a charming open-air anthology entitled "The Lore of the Wanderer"; Mr. A. G. Gardiner's vivid pen portraits of present-day English celebrities, "Prophets, Priests, and Kings"; and Mr. James Milnes's "Epistles of Atkins." While we have been able to give in the foregoing at least an indication of the range and interest of the literary field covered by "The Wayfarer's Library," we must leave our readers to discover for themselves the physical attractiveness of the volumes. That such excellence of bookmaking is compatible with the modest price at which the volumes are sold is little less than remarkable.

*Fact and fiction in the form of autobiography.*

Amusement for a summer afternoon will be found in disentangling the fact from the fiction in "The Record of Nicholas Freydon: An Autobiography" (Doran), by an anonymous author of evident talent, if not even of genius. The problem of his identity, too, challenges the acuteness of the reader, and there is room for a good deal of shrewd guessing without hitting the mark—unless the casually imparted information that the writer was ten years and one day old on the second of May, 1870, be strictly true and so a check to anything like random conjecture as to the authorship. The story, or history, is of a literary life of painfully earned success, chiefly journalistic, the scene being alternately in London, Australia, London again, and finally Australia. Orphanage and poverty and a proud and rather defiant disposition constitute the chief part of the hero's somewhat conventional equipment; but the vicissitudes of his arduous climb to a fair measure of success in his calling are not altogether of the usual sort—quite the contrary in some instances. The spiritual struggles and agonies, moreover, are of absorbing interest, and serve to give distinction to the book. In its general scheme the work is not unlike George Gissing's "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." As in that remarkable bit of autobiographic remi-

niscence and reflection, so here we have an ostensible "editor," who prepares for the press, with editorial comment, the posthumous papers of his friend of pathetic memory; and in both instances the oneness of editor and author is manifest. In the later book, far more than in the earlier, verisimilitude is marred by the dramatic intensity of the lights and shades, the startling nature of the accidents and coincidences, the completeness and rhetorical finish of the recorded conversations, even those recalled from childhood, and the prevailing atmosphere of romance. Without doubt the narrative is a skilful mingling of fact and fiction, a groundwork of actual experience with trimmings of a lesser degree of actuality, all presented with much literary art and calculated to charm the reader who once opens the volume. One at least of the writer's assertions about himself is evidently true: he mentions the scantiness of his schooling and his ignorance of grammar, and this confession prepares one for such lapses as "this minutiae," "that strata," a glaring misuse of "complaisant" and "complaisance" for "complacent" and "complacence," and the misquotation, "Je suis, je reste"—a misquotation that the "editor" reproduces, curiously enough, in his concluding note. Taken all in all, "The Record of Nicholas Freydon" is a notable contribution to pseudo-autobiography.

*The German soldier's vade-mecum.*

There are two reasons why an edition in English of "The War Book of the German General Staff" (McBride, Nast & Co.) is welcome. In the first place, it gives us documentary evidence of the most authoritative sort concerning the methods that Germany intends to employ in any war with which she may be faced. In the second place, it yields indirect testimony to support those accusations of terrorism and atrocity which many judicious people, in spite of the Bryce report, are still loath to believe. The translation is by Dr. J. H. Morgan, Professor of Constitutional Law in the University of London, whose introduction is a sort of moralizing commentary on the text that follows. The translation is vouched for as literal and integral; even the foot-notes are rendered; where the editor has added a note of his own it is bracketted and initialed. What strikes one most in reading the book is the contrast between the moderate and humane general principles of military conduct and the truculent exceptions when need compels. In this way the excellent theory of "civilized" warfare is rendered nugatory in use. International law and Hague conventions are academically desirable, but in prac-

tice they must yield before military necessity. Here is an example *in nuce* of this logic of militarism: "No inhabitant of the occupied territory is to be disturbed in the use and free disposition of his property; on the other hand the necessity of war justifies the most far-reaching disturbance, restriction, and even imperiling of his property." Perhaps the most offensive pronouncement of all is the assertion that "indeed international law is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery, and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy." When one reflects further that necessity often means simply expediency, the German doctrine *Not kennt kein Gebot* becomes, in the language of the street, "anything to win." And that is the final lesson of the War Book of the German General Staff.

*Aspects of contemporary journalism.*

"The Coming Newspaper" (Holt), a collection of addresses and papers on journalism by experienced newspaper men, is edited by Professor Merle Thorpe, of the department of journalism in the University of Kansas. He names the volume, not in an accurately descriptive manner, from his own initial contribution to its contents. Other contributors are Dr. Washington Gladden, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, Mr. Melville E. Stone, Mr. Norman Hapgood, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Hamilton Holt, and a dozen more of like standing; and they discourse on such themes as "Tainted Journalism," "Some Weaknesses of Modern Journalism," "The Clubber in Journalism," "A Modern Type of Country Journalism," "A State License for Newspaper Men," "The English Substitute for the License Plan," "A Code of Ethics for Newspaper Men," "Government Regulation for Press Associations," "Community Service," and "Giving the Public What It Wants." As may be recognized by some readers, a number of these chapters were first made public by their respective authors in the course of those memorable exercises that distinguished Kansas Newspaper Week (May 10-14) from the rest of the weeks of the year 1914; and the topics treated were selected from a list obtained by the issue of a questionnaire to "one thousand men and women in public and private life." Thus a creditable measure of success has been attained in giving to the various disquisitions a more than academic interest. Actual experience and ripe reflection speak in almost every paragraph. On the first page of his opening chapter ("The Coming Newspaper") Professor Thorpe scores "the man



who continually harks back to the grand old days of Greeley" and "fails utterly to appreciate how impossible it would be for the newsless, violently partisan journal of the fifties to find a footing in our present-day life, uncontrasted, as it is, by any great moral crisis." It is true we have no slavery question to vex us now, but other issues involving moral considerations of the first importance are not lacking. Improvement in our journalism during the last ten years is detected by the same writer, and on the whole the tone of the entire book is hopeful, constructively critical rather than sourly censorious. But of course this was to be expected, as well as desired, from a company of men engaged in journalism of the better sort.

*A Florentine  
sculptor of  
the 15th century.*

Professor Allan Marquand's imposing work on "Luca della Robbia" (Princeton University Press), is a most valuable contribution to art history. It furnishes a descriptive catalogue of all the works of one of the great artists of the fifteenth century,—one who, it has been declared, gave impulse to the Renaissance; one who was the founder of a "school" of sculpture, chiefly among the members of his own family. Luca was born in 1399 or 1400, and died in 1481. His work in sculpture dates from 1430. Sixteen years later, being unable to execute by himself the numerous commissions he was receiving from every part of Italy, he formed a partnership with his nephew, Andrea, and his great-nephew, Giovanni; and also employed as helpers the two Duecio brothers, Ottaviano and Agostino, who are often erroneously regarded as members of the Robbia family. The four were collaborators with Luca in most of his later work. To Luca is accorded the distinction, not of inventing the process of enamel-glazing terra cotta, the "secret" of which he is said to have confided to Andrea, his nephew, but of successfully applying to sculpture what Palissy a century later applied to pottery. It was Luca's purpose to democratize sculpture so that even village churches might possess works of art which before were reserved for the possession of the great cathedrals and the wealthy metropolitan churches. Out of these circumstances have arisen the problems which the present volume attempts to solve. How much of all the exquisite glazed terra cotta in the della Robbia style now extant or known formerly to have existed was really the work of Luca? How much was the work of Andrea, which was often compared and contrasted with that of his uncle? How much was the work of other members of the family or of

more or less successful imitators? A solution of these problems has engaged the attention of Professor Marquand for the past twenty years or more; and his final collation of all the documentary evidence bearing on the question, his chronological classification of all the work of Luca della Robbia, and his examination of the works which have sometimes been attributed to him, may be accepted as the final word on a fascinating subject. The pictorial presentation of the volume is sure to be a delight to art lovers. From the scanty details of his life that are preserved to us, Luca della Robbia appears to have been a man of irreproachable character, whose work was done from the most unselfish of motives, and who left thereon the impress of a pure, humble, and affectionate nature. The promise that the present volume will be followed before long by others on Andrea della Robbia and Giovanni della Robbia, and on the Robbia School, will be a source of satisfaction in many quarters.

*Mediterranean  
memories.*

Laid on the shelf for a year by his own choice, from a premature feeling of superannuation; the author of "From the Shelf" (Dutton), who calls himself "Paxton Holgar" on his title-page and "John" in the body of his book, narrates his recuperative experiences in a deserted monastery on what we assume to be one of the Balearic Islands. At any rate, it is a Spanish island, delightfully somnolent and unmodernized, in the Mediterranean; and the author's graphic touches of local color and local character, with morsels of romance and adventure, and an atmosphere of almost convincing reality—not prosaic realism—over all, make one envy him the twelve months' rest and communion with nature and his own soul that ended in the happy manner he so well describes in his closing chapters. But the reader's natural desire to believe it all a true story cannot blind him, even with the best of will to meet the author half-way, to occasional inconsistencies and artificialities. On one page, for instance, the narrator calls himself "naturally unobservant," although in a later passage he gives evidence of acute observation and refers to his "usually keen eyes." Nevertheless, the book is a little masterpiece in its way, in its combination of topographic detail that escapes weariness and character-sketching that makes its subjects live and breathe before one's eyes. Whatever and wherever may be the geographic equivalents of the author's San Telmo and Torelya, he knows them well and pictures them charmingly.

## NOTES.

A thorough critical study of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton has been made by Mr. Julius West, and will appear during the autumn.

L. T. Hobhouse's "Morals in Evolution," first published in 1907, will shortly appear in a new and revised edition, with Messrs. Holt's imprint.

Early in the autumn an illustrated book by Colonel Robert McCormick, dealing with his experiences in the war area, will be published by the Macmillan Co.

A new and cheaper edition of the late Francis Fisher Browne's "Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln" will be issued early in the autumn by Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. James Huneker's forthcoming volume of essays on literary and art topics will be entitled "Ivory Apes and Peacocks" and will be issued by Messrs. Scribner.

A new and complete edition of Browning's poetical works, embodying the new poems published in a separate volume some months ago, will be published at once by the Macmillan Co.

The title of Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, which the Macmillan Co. will publish this month, is "The Research Magnificent." It is described as "the story of one man's search for the kingly life."

The third volume of M. Artzibashev's to be published in English translation within less than a year is "Breaking-point," which Mr. B. W. Huebsch announces for immediate publication.

A new series of "Essays for College Men," compiled by Professors Foerster, Manchester, and Young of the University of Wisconsin, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Holt.

"The Story of a Pioneer," by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, in which the famous suffrage advocate tells the tale of her own life of many and varied activities, will appear this month with Messrs. Harper's imprint.

A translation of M. Antoine Guillaud's "Modern Germany and Its Historians" (Niebuhr, Ranke, Mommsen, Sybel, and Treitschke) has been prepared and will soon be issued by Messrs. McBride, Nast & Co.

Mr. Stanley Washburn, whose "Field Notes from the Russian Front" was recently published, has a further volume in the press, continuing his narrative under the title, "The Russian Campaign, January to July, 1915."

A new historical romance of love and adventure by Miss Mary Johnston is among the autumn publications of Houghton Mifflin Co. It is entitled "The Fortunes of Garin," and has for its scene Southern France in the time of the Crusades.

"The People's Government," by Dr. David Jayne Hill, former Ambassador to Germany, will be published early this month by Messrs. Appleton. It constitutes a discussion of the relations between the citizen and the State, of the origin and possibilities of the State, and of the sources of its authority.

A volume of essays by Professor William Henry Hudson, to be entitled "A Quiet Corner in a Library," is promised by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. The writers discussed are Tom Hood, George Lillo, Richardson, and the author of "Sally in Our Alley."

The first of several posthumous works by the late John Muir is announced for October publication by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. under the title of "Travels in Alaska." It is planned to issue the book in both a regular and a limited large paper edition.

A volume of "Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort," extending from 1807 to 1843, and mostly unpublished, edited by Mr. George S. Hellman, is one of the more interesting literary announcements of the autumn season. Messrs. Putnam will publish the book.

"Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia," by Miss Katharine Anthony, will be published this month by Messrs. Holt. It will give a full account of what the leaders of the woman movement in Germany and the three northern kingdoms are attempting and have achieved.

Mr. Thomas H. Dickinson, the editor of the recently-published volume, "The Chief Contemporary Dramatists," discusses present tendencies in the dramatic affairs of this country in his book, "The Case of American Drama," which the Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish this month.

Arrangements have already been made by Messrs. Holt for the publication next March of a volume by Dr. Richard Burton, the tentative title of which is "Bernard Shaw: The Man and the Mask." A book of "Poems of Earth's Meaning" by Dr. Burton will also appear under the same imprint at a later date.

We understand that there will soon appear a fuller account than has yet been published in English of the life and personality of Frau Krupp von Bohlen, who inherited from her father, the late Friedrich Krupp, the huge arsenal at Essen. There is no little romantic interest in this young girl in whose control lies the greatest of modern factories for the output of engines of death.

Professor Fred Lewis Pattee, of Pennsylvania State College, has prepared "A History of American Literature since 1870," which the Century Co. will bring out before long. The author is said to have chosen 1870 as the starting point of his record because he thinks that only then, with the consolidation of national sentiment following the Civil War, did a national literature really begin.

To their fine series of Riverside Press limited editions, Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. will shortly add the following: Montaigne's "Essay on Friendship," together with twenty-nine sonnets by Estienne de la Boétie, translated by Mr. Louis How; "A Handbook of Gastronomy" by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin; and "Dr. Holmes's Boston," a compilation edited by Miss Caroline Ticknor.

"The Covent-Garden Journal by Henry Fielding," edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Dr.

Gerard E. Jensen, will be issued during the autumn by the Yale University Press. From the same house will come "The Life and Times of Tennyson," by the late Thomas R. Lounsbury, and a translation of M. Paul Claudel's play, "L'Otage," made by Miss Clara Bell, with an Introduction by M. Pierre Chavannes.

A "History of the Norwegian People," by Mr. Knut Gjerset, is announced for immediate publication by the Macmillan Co. The work is in two volumes, covering the history of Norway and its people from the earliest times, and dealing not only with the life of the people in Norway itself, but also with the influence exerted upon other nations by the Norwegians who have emigrated to other countries, including the United States.

In "Memories of a Publisher," a forthcoming volume by Mr. George Haven Putnam, the author continues his personal reminiscences from 1865, the date to which the narrative in his earlier book, "Memories of My Youth," had been brought. The new volume will contain records of well-known people whom the author has met during the last fifty years, together with his views on questions of the day in which he has, as a citizen, taken his part.

Mr. Harry A. Cushing, of the New York bar, has written a concise volume on "Voting Trusts: Chapters in Recent Corporate History," said to be the first book upon this subject, which the Macmillans announce for issue this month. The same house has nearly ready "The Criminal Imbecile," by Mr. Henry H. Goddard, which gives an analysis of certain murder cases in which the Binet tests were used, and discusses the question of responsibility.

Some interesting publications in the field of poetry announced by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. for October issue include "The Little Book of American Poets," edited by Miss Jessie Rittenhouse; "The Quiet Hour," edited by Mr. FitzRoy Carrington; "Afternoons of April" by Miss Grace Hazard Conkling; "Interflow" by Mr. Geoffrey C. Faber; and two verse dramas—"The Cloister" by Emile Verhaeren, and "Red Wine of Roussillon" by Mr. William Lindsey.

"The Chronicle of Twelve Days, July 23-August 4, 1914, with an Interpretation," by Mr. William Archer, is announced by the Oxford University Press. The author's object has been to weave the official dispatches and other authentic documents into a connected narrative—in his own words, "to reduce this confusion of voices to something like a logical sequence, and in so doing to determine who was responsible for the fact that a 'happy ending' was obstinately staved off, in favour of the sanguinary catastrophe now working itself out."

One of the chief art books of the coming season will be devoted to "Belgium," with illustrations by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. There will be twenty-five plates from Mr. Brangwyn's original drawings, reproduced by wood engraving. The text is by Mr. Hugh Stokes. The work has been dedicated by permission to the King of the Belgians,

and will include an introduction by M. Paul Lambotte, Belgian Minister of Fine Arts. Besides the ordinary editions there will be an *édition de luxe*. A liberal royalty on the work will go to the Belgian Relief Fund.

The present condition of the Polish Jews, "driven hither and yon, from one gang of torturers to the other," has been represented by eye-witnesses as incomparably more pitiful than that of the unhappy Belgians. This lamentable state and many other woes of the Hebrew people are to be remedied, it is hoped by many of their number, when the Zionist movement shall have achieved its end. A timely utterance on the subject is Professor Horace Meyer Kallen's "Nationality and the Jewish Stake in the Great War," reprinted from "The Menorah Journal," and obtainable from the Zionist Bureau of New England, 161 Devonshire Street, Boston.

The first number of a new monthly magazine in French whose interests and scope are defined by its title, "La Revue de Hollande," has reached us. Among the contributions to this (July) issue we note Emile Verhaeren's "Le passé des Flandres," Ph. Zileken's "Quelques souvenirs sur Edmond de Goncourt," Dirk Coster's "Introduction à l'étude de la littérature néerlandaise," and Henri Malo's "Les défenses de l'Yser dans l'Histoire," together with verses by Max Elskamp, Fernand Séverin, and Fernand de Solpray. "In Memoriam," by the editor, M. G. S. de Solpray, is an appreciation of the French writers who have died in the present war, numbering nearly thirty at the time of compiling this list.

A new publisher with an interesting and distinctive programme is Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, whose imprint will appear upon a title-page in the autumn for the first time. Mr. Knopf's special aim at first will be the publishing of English versions of Russian classics and modern works, many of which have never been put before the English-reading public. The following works by the older Russian authors will be among the first to be issued: "The Cathedral Staff of Priests," Leskov's classic of the clergy; Lermontov's "A Hero of Our Times"; Shehedrin's novel, "The Family Golovlev"; Goncharov's masterpiece, "Oblomov," and Gogol's tale of the Cossacks, "Taras Bulba." Of the younger men in Russian literature a dozen or more authors are represented in the list of books Mr. Knopf plans to publish in the near future. Among these are Kuprin's military novel, "The Duel," and a volume of his short stories; Ropschin's "As If It Had Never Happened," a story of the last attempted revolution in Russia; Sologub's first important novel, "The Little Demon," and a volume of his stories called "The Old House"; Veressayev's "Memoirs of a Physician"; and a volume of stories by Garshin. Works by Ivan Bunin, Kamensky, Briussov, and Erastov will appear later on. The field of drama will be represented with plays by Turgenev, Ostrovsky, and Gogol. Mr. Knopf expects to publish also a new and cheaper edition of Prince Kropotkin's "Russian Literature," a standard survey of the subject.



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